

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—James Russell Lowell.

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SIR OLIVER LODGE'S CORRELATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

NO change has been more complete in the intellectual world than that which has taken place during the last quarter of a century in the relation of science to religion. Twenty-five years ago large numbers even of those who desired beyond all things to be "on the side of the angels" were secretly perturbed by the confident assertions of materialistic men of science like Hæckel that the nineteenth century had found a solution to the riddle of the universe, and that the solution explained away all its highest values as a kind of illusory froth upon the sea of matter. We had begun secretly to fear that after all the dog might be wagged by the tail; for a hundred blatantly confident scientists of eminence were daily demonstrating to their own satisfaction that the horses of the sun were drawn by the cart. Technical terms like "gravitation," "force," "atom," "electricity" were used as though the label were an explanation; and as though the phenomena so labelled were in some way more real than the consciousness that did the labelling. To-day the higher values are being reasserted with an overwhelming weight of scientific authority behind them, an authority all the more commanding because it acknowledges its former errors and its own limitations, even while, step by step, it is regaining and reaffirming for mankind those grounds of hope which, secretly if not openly, many of the professional representatives of "religion" are beginning to abandon. With victory on their horizon, these representatives of "religion," overawed by an outworn materialism, are in many cases "agnostics" at heart. Outwardly they profess a vague mysticism; but inwardly they are beginning to pick up the discarded mental baggage of the nineteenth century,

at the very moment when "agnosticism" has been exposed as a tyrannously dogmatic attitude of mind, even more pernicious to science and philosophy than it is to "religion." For "agnosticism"—if it meant anything at all—was merely a dogmatic assertion (quite unproved, and flung in the face of an immense amount of evidence to the contrary) that the human mind was incapable of any real knowledge. The assertion stultifies itself at the outset; for if the human mind knows this, and can give reasons for this, then the human mind is capable of at least that minimum of knowledge to begin with. There is no possible logical way of limiting our "agnosticism" to the subject of religion. It is just as easy to be an "agnostic" with regard to the foundations of scientific knowledge. There is no realm of thought in which the foundations have ever been reached. "Electrons, protons and the soul are all three logical fictions," said Mr. Bertrand Russell; and a more modern thinker has replied with quiet humour, that the reality to which the logical fiction of the "soul" corresponds has at least this advantage over the logical fiction to which electrons and protons correspond—that the logical fiction called the "soul" can form theories about "electrons" and "protons." The fact that the foundations in every realm of thought go deeper than any human logic is no reason for abandoning the superstructure, either in science or religion. "Agnosticism," if it is to be taken seriously, involves complete scepticism on every subject; the rejection of all human knowledge, and of all hope for its progress in the future. Once admit that there is anything we know on any subject and "agnosticism" becomes a self-contradiction; for at once we have a



Photo by F. A. Swaine.

Sir Oliver Lodge.

foothold from which we can work, and we have acknowledged the right of the mind to make certain fundamental assumptions. These fundamental assumptions are all that "religion" and philosophy require to arrive at their own chief conclusions about the universe, the first and most important of which is that the greater has not been produced by the less; that the horse is not drawn by the cart; and that the spirit and intellect of man, with all their higher values, are neither chance-born out of chaos nor subject to the dust, but owe their allegiance to a realm of higher values akin to their own, though infinitely transcending it. The fact that religion has made gross mistakes in the past is no reason for discarding religion in the present. In the early days of science the most appalling mistakes were made; but we do not discard modern science for that reason. Nor do we call ourselves "agnostics" on scientific matters because, for science as for religion, there is always an infinite Unknowable beyond every increase in our knowledge. It was one of the strangest perversities of the human intellect that took the very substance of the greatest religious creeds and restated it as though it were a new discovery that had never been contemplated by religious thinkers, and that therefore invalidated all they had to say. Herbert Spencer wrote as if he had discovered the Unknowable; and Darwin, when he affirmed that the mind of man could no more comprehend the Power behind this ordered universe than a dog could comprehend the mind of Newton, was childishly understating the case which had been so perfectly stated by the Hebrew prophets. "As the heavens are higher than the earth so are My thoughts higher than your thoughts." It is in the older writer that the infinite and inscrutable Mystery is set at the true infinite distance above all the merely finite degrees of knowledge; and it is in the older writer that the real nature of that Mystery, while it could never be comprehended, was nevertheless apprehended and understood. For the older writer was not afraid of "anthropomorphism." He knew that man was a representative part of reality. His own being was rooted in the inscrutable reality beyond; and so, in himself, he achieved what so many materialists have declared to be impossible. He knew reality directly and at first-hand; for his own consciousness was not exiled from it, but a part of it. The kingdom was within him. To ignore what we immediately and intimately know of the world of thought and personality may be an excellent way of avoiding one kind of "anthropomorphism," but it is also a certain way of losing the truth. It is like shutting one's eyes in order that we shall not mistake a mirage for an oasis. The mirage may be there at times. But the tragedy is that the oasis is always there, and that—if we rightly used our eyes we should see it. Moreover we avoid a more legitimate because a higher kind of anthropomorphism, only to fall into a lower and quite misleading kind. The common materialistic view of the universe as a "mechanism" is "anthropomorphic" in this lower sense; for it compares the universe with a machine—of which the only specimens we know are designed by intelligence and used for a purpose. But the common materialism omits just these two essential higher characteristics of every known specimen of the thing with which the universe is

compared. It is therefore comparing the universe with something which exists nowhere except in the anthropomorphic mind of the materialist. This is admirably demonstrated by Dr. Streeter in his "Reality."

The new attitude of science was admirably illustrated during the first telephonic conversations across the Atlantic, by the voice which was heard saying—three thousand miles away—"who will have the temerity now to deny that prayers may be heard in heaven?" In more than one way that sentence deserves to become historical. It marks the dawn of a new epoch—not merely in scientific progress, but in the practical correlation of science, religion and philosophy. No one with any imagination, who has once listened to the voices of distant cities by "wireless," or has heard in the wireless-room of an Atlantic liner a sister-ship asking for help across a hundred miles of stormy sea at night, can fail to understand that saying. Those voices, coming instantaneously through their own world, quite undisturbed by the gale that drowns our voices in the world we know, are infinitely suggestive of the unrealised realms that lie around us and within us; realms of which we have only begun to explore the smallest—and perhaps the most superficial—borderlands. We have hardly begun to explore the profounder mysteries of thought and consciousness. In fact many unimaginative people are still at the childish stage where they think any attempt in this direction a symptom of insanity. Those who scoff at Sir Oliver Lodge's attempts will do well to remember that he was one of the great pioneers of "wireless" in the days when fools would have scoffed at this also.

Nothing is more certain than the fact that, step by step, science is revealing, in the "material" universe, the essential characteristics of the world of the great religious thinkers. When Thomas Aquinas describes the power of the messengers of God—call them angels or what you will—to be instantaneously present anywhere, his description is elucidated and illustrated by this modern annihilation of distance. While St. Paul speaks of the corruptible and the incorruptible body, Sir Oliver Lodge writes a book called "Ether and Reality," which points directly towards the same conclusion. While prophets and poets and idealist philosophers through the ages have affirmed that this material world is but a shadow, and "such stuff as dreams are made on," modern science has quietly pointed out that the solid lumps of "matter" in which the materialist put his faith, is composed of little solar systems of electrons and protons, and that these electrons and protons are not "material," but are best described as centres of electric force, positive and negative. What that "force" may be no one knows, unless—in the last analysis—its origin and control be in the living Will of a personal Power, in whom we live and move and have our being. Perhaps one day these positive and negative centres of force may neutralise one another; and, as the prophets said, the material universe shrivel like a flaming scroll. Perhaps the change will come, as the New Testament said, in the twinkling of an eye. Perhaps, as our greatest poet foretold us, these our actors *were* all spirits. We have quoted his words a thousand times with unction, never really believing them; and yet "these cloud-capt towers" are actually dissolving under the scrutiny of science, and leave not a

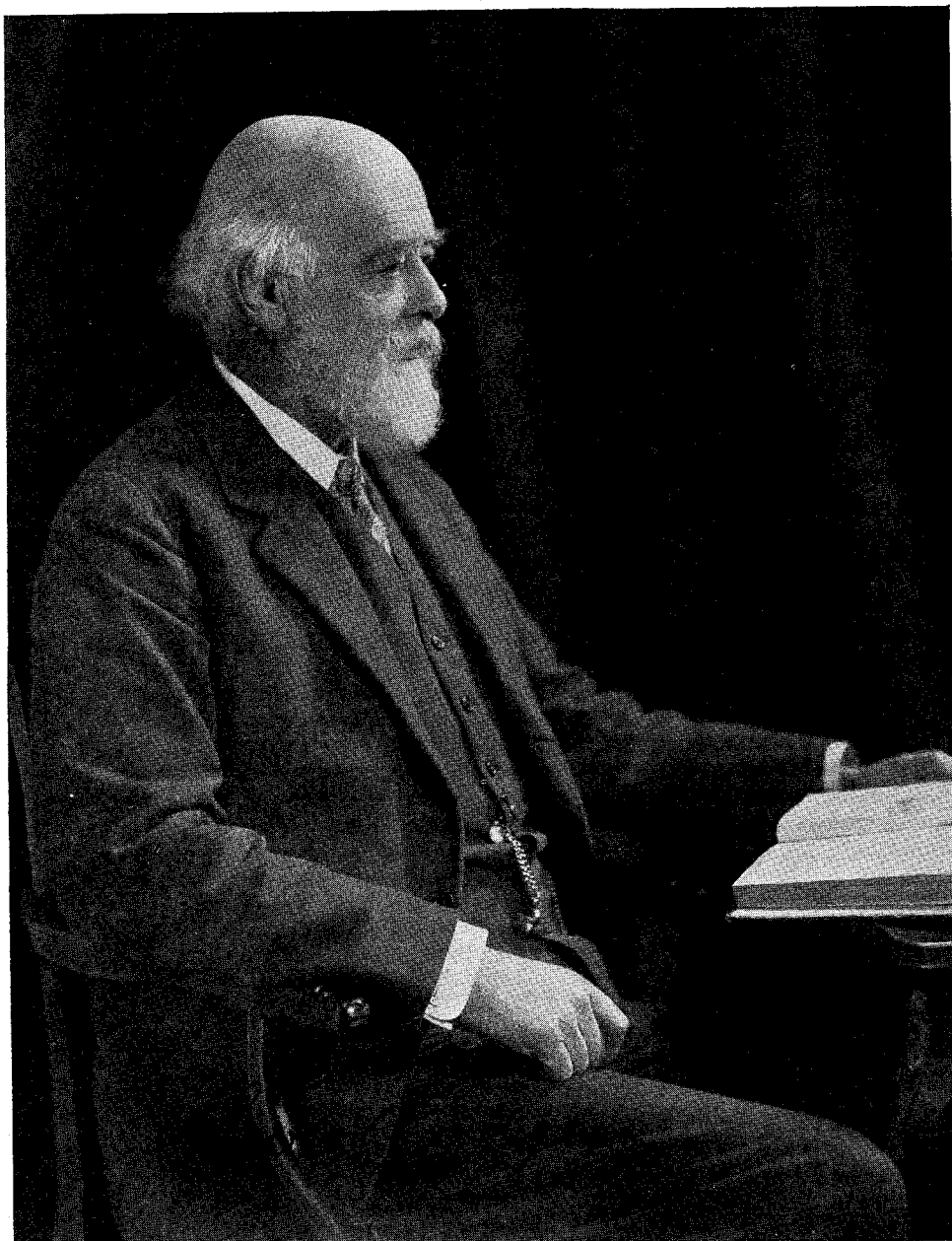


Photo by Lafayette.

Sir Oliver Lodge.

wrack behind for the common materialist to play with. That pious unbeliever, Dr. Johnson, has had much credit for the kick at a stone with which he refuted Berkeley. But science to-day, consciously or unconsciously, is giving Berkeley an unexpected revenge. The material world is vanishing under our feet; and the only reality left to us, fundamentally, is a spiritual reality. It is in this direction that all the works of Sir Oliver Lodge are pointing.

It is a mistake to regard his "Man and the Universe," or his "Making of Man," or his "Ether and Reality" as merely popular expositions of subjects that he—and other contemporary men of science—have dealt with more completely in their own technical and more obscure language elsewhere. These lucid volumes are in fact attempts at a summing up; attempts to get at the core of the whole matter; attempts to deliver, in the great lucid generalisations at which all science and philosophy aim, the universal truths underlying all the particular discoveries of our time. He is thus doing for our age what the great Greek philosophers did for theirs; and it is at least possible that his works will be read for the same reason when all the more technical volumes of modern science have been superseded. For he points to a future correlation of science, philosophy and religion with an earnestness of purpose and a sincerity of conviction that place him among the prophets of our time; and he does this with a range of knowledge that cannot of course silence the cheap impertinences of folly and ignorance (even Newton was unable to do that), but is quite unmatched in the scientific literature of our age. His answer to the crude materialism of Hæckel—in such naïve works as "The Riddle of the Universe"—was lucid enough; but to any man who knows the difference between obscurity and depth, it was one of the subtlest and most overwhelming replies ever made by a scientific philosopher to a pseudo-scientist. Of his attempts to pierce through the darkest veil of all I can say nothing except that his open-minded research has nothing in common with the unscientific credulity of lesser men that has made the subject so difficult to approach. But before we turn a deaf ear to this true pioneer of

science we should read again the great chapter on "Natural Supernaturalism" in "Sartor Resartus": "Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand million walking the earth openly at noontide; some half hundred have vanished from it, some half hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once . . . we are, in very deed, ghosts! These limbs are dust and shadow; a shadow-system gathered round our Me; wherein through some moments or years the Divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh." Is it folly to treat these things as a reality? Is it folly to ask "whence" and "whither"? Sir Oliver Lodge is pointing at least to something like the belief of the greatest religious thought in a communion beyond this world. There is a profound hypocrisy in much of the modern "belief" that pretends to rise superior to reality, in art and religion, and prefers to blow dream-bubbles. Modern science may be driving the hamadryad from the tree; but it will yet lead the world back to the Eternal Power in whom we live and move and have our being.

Some of Sir Oliver Lodge's experiments may have been as fruitless as Darwin's attempts to discover sensibility to sound in plants by having a 'cello played to them in his garden. But only the fool will scoff at the thousand experiments that must fail before the one that may succeed. One of the greatest men of science in this or any age did recently silence such a scoffer, in the midst of his bland assumptions that nothing could ever be discovered of the realms beyond the shadow-system, by Sir Oliver Lodge or anyone else. The scoffer had been boasting of his "agnosticism," and it was with a certain grim irony that the greatest living astronomer turned to him and struck him dumb with the single quiet remark: "*Don't be too sure.*"

Whatever the results of those experiments may be, the fact remains that by his great practical achievements in other fields, as well as by his lucid exposition of his philosophy, Sir Oliver Lodge is one of those presidents of the Royal Society who will be a shining name for posterity; and that he will be remembered as one of the few men who, in a very dark period of transition, had a clear vision of the light beyond it.

OUR IMMORTAL JANE.*

BY MARY WEBB (Mrs. H. B. L. Webb).

IT must be, to most of us, a keen regret that we can never meet Jane Austen, except in a problematical heaven. And what would the angels think of that trenchant wit, that ladylike Falstaffianism? For she had a kind of elfin ribaldry. Would she sit at the Celestial Banquet as she did at the Hampshire tea-parties, with a perfectly solemn face and an infinitely amused mind? There, where the hymn depressingly says, "no sabbath is o'er," would she inaugurate with some officiating angel the kind of cat-and-mouse game which she played with Mr. Collins, following his foibles with unescapable keenness and gentle ridicule through the æons of eternity? Humorists are kittle cattle, and Jane Austen is our greatest woman humorist—if not our only one. The Brontës had surprisingly

little humour, and George Eliot's was of the obvious rural type. Mrs. Poyser is funny, the Tulliver aunts are quaint, but they do not satisfy; they have not the subtle completeness of Jane Austen's people. What is there about Mr. Collins or Mrs. Allen that we do not know? Mrs. Poyser comes on to the stage and says her say, but Mr. Collins is with us like a familiar friend. It would have been impossible for Charlotte Brontë, who had humour, while Emily seems to have had none, to create Mr. Collins, though she knew the country cleric well. She was too heavily shrouded by the Tragic Muse. What impish things Jane Austen would have done with some of her people! In no sense a poet, she has almost a horror of the deeper things of life. She is reassuringly mundane. To read her is like turning home in darkness, leaving the planetary systems wheeling on unknown ways, finding fire and

* "The Novels of Jane Austen." In 5 volumes. Illustrated. 25s. (Oxford University Press.)

**Jane Austen.**

After John Zoffany, R.A.
In the possession of Admiral Sir Ernest Rice, K.C.B.

candles alight, curtains drawn and supper ready. When we are afraid, after excursions into mystery with the poets, Jane Austen will comfort us. What has Miss Bates to do with death and judgment? Does she want to be in tune with the infinite? She does not. She wants to put on her best gown and go to supper at the Woodhouses'. She wants, if she can circumvent her host, to have a really *good* supper. If everybody kept in this key, how few suicides there would be!

It is one of the most precious things about Jane Austen that she maintains absolute normality and yet is never dull, because, although choosing to remain on the surface, she is an excellent diver. She knows Miss Bates as her Maker does. Many writers of comedies of manners keep to the surface because they cannot dive. They know the outside only of their people, therefore one is bored in a moment. What a pity none of the Miss Bateses in real life knew that they were being so deeply understood! Or did they possibly feel it dimly, blossoming in Jane's human, tonic atmosphere? So by poetic justice she would have her reward, though hidden by the cloudy years from her equals—Meredith and Dickens, Chaucer and Shakespeare, who would no doubt have Bowdlerised his conversation before such a virginal boon-companion. Her rapier wit would have delighted them all, though Dickens's humour is of a different quality, less subtle, less tart, apt, when he allows sentiment to supervene, to be a little mushy, like over-ripe melons. Jane has the stimulus of pickled damsons, which require a certain awareness, while you could eat melon in your sleep.

Though she was lonely—as the great always are—yet she really possessed her chosen souls, who flowered for her, petal by petal, in their shrewdness or inanity, while Jane observed (with pleasure) that Mr. Bennet would never stop teasing his wife until he himself stopped, and (with glee) that if you looked into the furthest recesses of Miss Bates's soul, there was nothing else there at all but the single desire to go to the Woodhouses' and have as good a meal as might be.

What Miss Austen, beneath her perfectly correct manner, thought of the God Who created so many faces, so many minds, and all with no more in their souls than Miss Bates had, one is afraid to imagine. But if the essence of creative reward is to be appreciated, the Almighty received it in full measure from Jane Austen. Not the finest shade of His tender or cynical humour escaped her, and she was equal to the puzzles He set her. She knew exactly what Lady Bertram would say on a hot summer day: "It was as much as I could bear. Sitting and calling to Pug, and keeping him from the flower-beds was almost too much for me." She knows what Mr. Bennet will say when, for the third time in a few weeks, a suitor has come for one of his daughters.

Mr. Bennet, retreating to his library, quite exhausted with the incursions of Eros, remarks,

"If any young men come for Mary or Kitty, send them in, for I am quite at leisure."

And on another occasion she gets this whimsical gentleman's manner to perfection. He has been teasing his family by refusing to call on Mr. Bingley. Mrs. Bennet is exasperated and scolds the unfortunate Kitty for coughing, because she dare not scold Mr. Bennet. Whereat Mr. Bennet, in his inimitable way, divulges the fact that he *has* called on Mr. Bingley, and adds,



Jane Austen,
1775-1817.

as he leaves the room, "fatigued with the raptures of his wife,"

"Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you chuse."

And what other writer but Jane Austen would give so sincerely the thought of Elizabeth when her lover returned after she believed him lost to her? Paling, glowing, she yet curbs her mind—demure, shrewd, unconquered.

"Let me first see," says Elizabeth, "how he behaves; it will then be early enough for expectation."

Elizabeth and her father are never just people in a book. They and Mr. Woodhouse were probably Jane's favourite characters, though Mr. Woodhouse should possibly be classed with the more laughable people—Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Jennings and the unsurpassable Miss Bates. Only Mr. Bennet and Elizabeth and a few more are honoured by serious treatment. To Mr. Bennet she bequeathed one of her own most individual gifts, that of being at once quiet and deadly. No doubt Jane "suffered fools" in daily life with as imperturbable a manner as Mr. Bennet, of whose behaviour in family squabbles his wife's diatribes give a vivid picture. His ways, his tricks of speech, how familiar they are, like those of a loved father! For Mr. Bennet, for all his irony, is intensely lovable, and is loved by his creator, who revels in shutting him into his study, no doubt with some choice tobacco, away from the vortex of the household. If there is one thing Jane detests more than hypocrisy, it is "busyness." She heaps more derision on a fusser like Mrs. Norris than on anyone except a Mr. Collins or a Sir John Middleton, who was "loud in his praise of every song, and as loud in his conversation while every song lasted"; who also, when asked to describe his friend, could only reiterate, "He had the nicest little black bitch of a pointer I ever saw."

Stupidity she cannot tolerate.

"Mary wished to say something very sensible, but knew not how."

"His talents could not have recommended him at any time."

"Can he be a sensible man, sir?" asks Elizabeth of her father.

"No, my dear; I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. I am impatient to see him."

But we have strayed from Mr. Woodhouse, the melancholy hypochondriac, whose daughter "hoped, by the help of backgammon, to get her father tolerably through the evening." Mr. Woodhouse's firm conviction is that "the sooner every party breaks up, the better." Nobody, after all, thinks Mr. Woodhouse, should take anything but gruel for supper. If they *must*, then let it be "one of our *small* eggs . . . a *little* bit of tart—a *very* little bit, I do not advise the custard."

Mr. Woodhouse's dining-room and parlour are among the best of Jane Austen's interiors, in describing and implying which she has few equals. She was not fond of nature. The mute but intense passion of the Brontës for their sombre hills was unknown to her. She regarded picnics as "parties to eat cold ham and chicken out of doors." And though she allowed her heroine "the exquisite enjoyment of air on the summits," it was only in order that Marianne might sprain her ankle and be carried

home with the utmost gentlemanliness by Willoughby. When she says "it was moonlight, so everybody was full of engagements," she probably means simply that the roads being what they were, people could only go about in moonlight. She had the circumscribed outlook of her time, and while Turner would have left her cold, a pleasant interior could rouse her to enthusiasm, as in the description of Barton Cottage, of which Mrs. Dashwood's only criticism was: "I could wish the stairs were handsome."

In domesticities and social revelries she excels. How she can thrill us when, having got the ideal young gentleman and the perfect young lady into a comfortable drawing-room, she says, "The instrument was unlocked."

If she said, "The mastiff was unchained," it could not imply more devastating consequences to the young gentleman, for it means that the young lady is going to sing; she might even accompany herself on the harp. Then there were stately revels in the Pump Room, formal calls, complicated dinners of many courses at the ungodly hour of five. These people were unaffectedly interested in their dinner. In a cookery book, published in 1808, are to be seen plans of the various courses at a formal dinner. Each course consisted of twenty-five dishes, and in one course were included pheasant, smelts, collared pork, lampreys, roast hare, "moonshine pudding," veal and "globes of gold web with mottoes in them."

No doubt Jane knew these mottoes and enjoyed them and the solemnly splendid dishes. This type of life may partly account for the solidarity of her work. She has stamina. Independent, robust, she expresses feminine intuitions with masculine brevity. Her girls are real, for all their primness. So are her men, in spite of their curious clothes. Her d'Arcy and Elizabeth, sparring, are like Beatrice and Benedick. For those finding life terrible, Jane Austen is salvation. Death waits, eternity presses in. We weep and are afraid. Have we not wandered far in the dark night? Have we not lost our loves?

What does she do? She lights the candles and sets out her rich dishes of wit and humour.

"Don't cry!" she says. "Don't let Emily Brontë sing:

"Cold in the earth, and the deep snow piled above thee."

"Not *long* living, but *right* living; not death, but the manner of it, are important. Above all, let us be well-bred."

She herself died with serene courage, and so lived that "no one could be often in her company without feeling a strong desire for her friendship." Sweet-voiced, delicate of complexion, slender—she must have been very charming. Perhaps no eight words could express her so well as those on the facsimile title page:

" 'SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.'"

"A NOVEL."

"BY A LADY."

The publishers are to be congratulated on the helpful notes, good print and delightful illustrations. The only criticism is that the paper is too good, refusing ingress to its firmly welded pages until after a long struggle with the aching wrist of the eager reader.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1927.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that Competition I will be for the best original lyric until three months' notice of a change has been given.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short quotation from English Literature, in prose or verse, applicable to an attack of Influenza.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

We also select for printing :

BLUE AND GOLD.

Blue hills, blue skies, blue seas—
Sweet in my sight are these ;
But over all else I prize
Blue eyes.

Gold dawn, gold eve, gold Fall—
These do my soul enthrall ;
Yet do I deem more fair—
Gold hair.

Memories deep I hold
Of blue eyes and curls gold—
Of joy, all joys above—
Your love.

(Liam P. Clancy, 26, Parliament Hill, N.W.3.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by J. Kilmeny Keith (Westcliff-on-Sea), Ivan Adair

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Anthony Gilbert, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, and T. Culshaw, Mawdesley, near Ormskirk, Lancs, for the following :

STREETS.

Bond Street is a lady fine, decked in silk and lace,
Regent Street's a trollop with the paint upon her face,
Mayfair's full of shiny hats and dames of high degree,
But Fleet Street is a gentleman and he's the man for me.

Fleet Street knows a song or two and sings 'em with a will,
Fleet Street has a tavern where a man may drink his fill,
He has heard a merry yarn—who cares if it be true ?—
Fleet Street's heart is full of faiths that he will share with you.

He has tasted poverty, hunger and distress,
Many aching wounds are hid beneath his shabby dress,
Gallant is his company with Shakespeare at their head,
Sowing seeds of Beauty that shall bloom when they are dead.

City roads are paved with gold—but smoky is the air ;
Rich and proud is Kensington, aloof stands Berkeley Square,
Where lords and ladies simper in a world beyond our ken ;
But Fleet Street is a jolly chap who knows the hearts of men.

ANTHONY GILBERT.

DEAR EYES.

Dear eyes, dear eyes that look at me
So full of love, so tenderly !
My heart (it once was mine) now lies
Lost in the deep wells of those eyes.

My hopes—and they were winged with fire—
Lie prone beside my tuneless lyre ;
My soul beside those wells must lie,
And drink its fill, or thirsting die.

T. CULSHAW.



John Barrymore as Hamlet.

"From Confessions of an Actor." By John Barrymore (Robert Holden).
Reviewed in this Number.

(Leeds), Mary Brittain (Harrogate), Mrs. Flora A. E. Woollett (Newmarket), Margaret Gillespie (Sydney, New South Wales), Lilian Holmes (Bosham), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), Robert Greenwood (Wakefield), I. Allen May (Ashford), Constance Maunsell (Dublin), Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), George S. Astins (Clacton-on-Sea), Freda Baxter (Blackheath), Gertrude Spencer (Bangor), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Violet I. Wiseman (Fairford), Mary Stuart Todd (Clent), Marjorie W. James (Birmingham), Annie T. Riddell (Victoria, British Columbia), Silvey A. Clarke (Hurlingham), Kenneth Pringle (Worthing), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), C. E. Pyke (Tavistock), Ada F. Strike (West Worthing), Mabel C. Ball (Mapperley), Vera Waldram (Plumstead), M. Wakefield (South Croydon), Julia Binfield (Dover), Esther Samms (Luton), T. Bourne (Church Gresley), Mary Witty (Mortlake), Beatrice Cleland (Sydenham), Marcella Whitaker (Brandsby).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to L. Bruce, South Bungalow, Hillyfield Road, Ashford, Kent, for the following :

THE MISSING PIECE.

BY MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY. (Cassells.)

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get the poor dog a bone ;
But, when she got there, the cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none !"

Nursery Rhyme.

We also select for printing :

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

BY A. G. GARDINER. (Jonathan Cape.)

"Jan Stoner, Bill Brewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all."

Old Folk Song.

(H. Miller, 45, Broadhurst Gardens, London, N.W.6.)

EXPERIENCES OF A LITERARY MAN.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school."

Hood, A Retrospective Review.

(John A. Bellchambers, 40, Highgate Hill, N.19.)

THE PROPER PLACE. BY O. DOUGLAS.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

(1) "And bring their tails *behind* them."

Little Bo-peep.

(Ethel Anne Measures, 22, Priory Road, Edgbaston.)

(2) "I put my hat upon my head."

DR. JOHNSON.

(H. J. Murphy, 59, Haywood Road, Bromley, Kent.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best letter from Samuel Pepys describing a day in modern London, is awarded to E. J. Corke, Oakhurst, High Halden, Kent, for the following :

First to my tailor to see my new plus-fours. Very handsome and good, though methinks the check somewhat large. Next, with great difficulty owing to the roads being up, to the Savoy where much fine company, and Lord ! to hear the noise this jazz makes. Here I met young Gibson and we had much talk on this new Community Singing. Resolved to go to a concert and take my wife, poor wretch, though her singing vexes me sore, so out of tune it is. Spent the afternoon at Hendon and there much interested in the flying. Back to town where looked in at some theatres. Saw some pretty chorus girls and vastly enjoyed the dancing, but Lord ! the poor plays they put on, these days. Home to sup and scolded my wife for drinking cocktails. She would dance to the wireless but I turned it off, and so to bed.

We also specially commend the replies by Margaret Rumball (Norwich), S. K. Dunford (Norwich), Annalice Robinson (Southampton), C. E. Abbott (Mayfair, W.), Mary Muir (Eastbourne), L. Bruce (Ashford), H. E.

Hunt (Dunstable), E. H. Thompson (Cheltenham), M. Whitaker (Brandsby), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Olive F. Crowe (Hanwell), A. G. James (Llanelly).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred word review is awarded to H. C. Dent, 42, Cromwell Road, Hove, Sussex, for the following :

AS IT WAS. BY H. T. (Heinemann.)

One of the most tenderly poignant stories ever written. It is the true tale of the perfect love of two brave, pure souls. Sad, unutterably sad, because it is full of the beauty that clutches at the throat. All the radiance of a woman's passionate, deep-rooted devotion has gone to the making of this book. Nothing is omitted, because nothing could be omitted. Those who can understand will love this book as they love no other ; those who cannot—let the book be taken from them. It is too precious to be lightly handled.

We also select for printing :

THUNDER ON THE LEFT.

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. (Heinemann.)

This is a book which means everything to those who understand life's minute, gigantic wonders. Mr. Morley has a strange and exquisite vision. He has dealt, with a sure and infinitely tender touch, with one of life's most complex situations. The world he reveals is the world to which all artists cling. His book is one to be read again and again, impossible at one reading to capture the fullness of beauty shining in every line. It leaves one breathless with wonder.

(Dallas K. Kelsey, 300, Hagley Road, Edgbaston.)

BOOKS AND READING. BY W. E. SIMNETT.

(Allen & Unwin.)

The author's aim is to introduce the "potential reading public" to our glorious heritage of literature, and to whet its interest in books and reading. He is content to point the way, and to make the path of all serious readers, and particularly young ones, easy by tabulating his knowledge for their benefit. He makes no arbitrary lists of "Best Books," but merely suggests names from which individual taste may choose. His chapters on "The Use of Libraries" and "Aids to Study" are particularly helpful. The book is an excellent guide to "Books and Reading."

(Margot K. Mackillop Brown, The Dutch House, Brookvale Road, Southampton.)

" ? "

A Book by NEWMAN FLOWER. (Cassells.)

This short work contains such interesting matter fascinatingly presented both by author and artist that after the first peep inside one is absorbed by it. Humour, pathos and tragedy crowd the pages ; grey, everyday facts of hospital life swarm from the pen tinged with the rose of optimism. No grander begging letter could be written for a more needful cause than this "Vision of Vincent Square," wherein Mr. Flower shows us how London's sick babies are nursed and cared for. The final art lies in the illustrations, and in the interest aroused by the title—or lack of one !

(A. M. Hillier, 6, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent.)

We also highly commend the reviews by A. M. Aldous (Hampstead), Edward R. Burder (London, W.), E. Sweatman (Caversham), William Pool (Pontefract), Isobel Neil (Cricklewood), Mrs. Joyce Dixon (Hessle), E. M. Turner (London, N.W.), Margot K. M. Brown (Southampton), J. B. McLennan (Glasgow), Sidney S. Wright (Bickley), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Mrs. Oliver (Northwich), G. R. Drake (Oasingwold), Charlotte Hoskins (Woking), Kathleen Lee (London, E.), Marcella Whitaker (Brandsby), Francis James (Midlothian).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Winifred Simmons, 16, Mortlake Road, Kew, Surrey.

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY CIRCLE.

LONDON.

Sion College, Wednesday, January 5th.—Mr. Shan Bullock took the Chair for Mr. Shaw Desmond, who lectured on "The Irish Mind and the English." Mr. Desmond said that the Irishman is generally logical, but there was no logic or sequence of logic with the English; no Englishman had ever contemplated an abstract thought—he walked straight up to a difficulty, while the Irish went round it. He would be thinking carefully all the time of what he would say, and then say it carelessly, but hold to his position through thick and thin in a way that was essentially feminine. Indeed the Irish had many feminine characteristics; they were good haters, but perhaps not steadfast lovers, and they loved Ireland all the time though possibly hating their neighbours. The Irish from their geographical position felt the Gulf Stream, but they were cut off from the thought current of Europe. They were more individualistically national perhaps than any nation in the world. The English could exist on the smallest amount of vitality and conserved that small amount, whereas Pat was always on the top of the world—at any rate in the morning. He was a blubbery mass of emotion, but had no sentiment. To sum up, Mr. Shaw Desmond said the English were loved by the Irish for the reason that they were radically different from themselves.

The subsequent discussion was very lively and was contributed to by, amongst others: Mr. Tresidder Sheppard, Dr. Mullins, Mr. Wildey Knight, Mr. H. C. Shelley, Mr. Fiddian Moulton, Mr. E. Pugh, Mrs. C. de Crespigny, Mrs. Heywood and Miss Dora Purkis.

Wednesday, January 19th.—With the Editor of THE BOOKMAN in the Chair, Mr. Frank Swinnerton confessed many incidents in his experience as a publisher's reader. He proceeded to describe the feelings that were usual to him on entering in the morning the place of his employment. Hope invariably filled his breast. To-day! To-day! But to-day gave place to to-morrow, and but one manuscript was accepted out of a hundred sent in, and in reading a thousand manuscripts a year the days of the uplifted heart were few. But the compensations were perhaps worth the tedium. He had savoured the joy occasionally of "being proved right." He had recommended the publication of "The Young Visitors," of which the sales had been over 300,000, and had been overwhelmed afterwards by imitations of this classic. A book of any type that achieved popular success, resulted in the flooding of the reader's desk with novels written to its model.

The subject, which obviously is one of the deepest interest to the many published and unpublished of the Circle, was discussed with much fervour by authors and publishers, amongst whom were Mr. Horace Wyndham, Mr. George Blake, Mr. Stanley Murrell, Mrs. C. A. Nicholson and Mr. G. B. Burgin.

February 2nd.—Mr. Robert Lynd: "Dr. Johnson and Women." Chairman: Mr. J. B. Priestley.

February 16th.—Dr. Hubert Norman: "Literature and Lunacy." Chairman: Mr. Fred A. Turner, F.R.Hist.S.

March 2nd.—Annual Dinner.

MANCHESTER.

There was a Members' Evening of the Manchester Bookman Circle on January 11th in the Milton Hall. The subject was "Dialect," on which Mr. Rowland Cragg lectured. He said that in searching for the origins of Dialect we must remember that we had suffered invasion with the result that the speech of the Celt, the Saxon, the



The little old Shop.

From "The Magic Lamplighter," by Marion St. John Webb. Illustrated by Margaret Tarrant (Medici Press).

Dane and the Norman have been welded into one, but according to the locality in which the earlier invaders settled it took on various inflections. When compulsory education came into being an effort was made to eliminate dialect, the true folk speech, and this was helped by the great growth of facilities for travel. Now dialect has gone from the towns and only lingers in remote parts of the valleys and plains. Dialect is held to be vulgar, but it is the true folk speech and, purged of its vulgarity, could be used with real literary effect. As a folk speech it is worth preserving. Mr. Neville Cardus was in the Chair, and several members took part in the subsequent discussion.

February 8th.—Mr. W. Riley: "Literary Associations of Yorkshire." Chairman: Mr. Douglas Miller.

February 22nd.—Dr. Guppy: "Some Treasures of John Rylands Library."

HASTINGS.

On January 26th (too late for report this month), Major A. J. Dawson gave a lecture on "Queer Characters."

Feb. 9th.—Mr. Michael Sadleir: "Anthony Trollope."

Feb. 23rd.—Mr. Peter Blundell: "Humour in Fiction."

March 9th.—Mr. Frank Rutter: "Reading and Art."

LITERARY LECTURES.

Messrs. W. & G. Foyle announce a series of Literary Lectures to be held at their Book Showrooms, 119-125, Charing Cross Road. Mr. Ernest Rhys is to lecture on Tuesday evening, February 8th, on "The Happy Book Hunter." Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. John Drinkwater and Mr. Walter de la Mare, amongst other prominent authors, have promised their support. Admission by ticket, to be obtained from Messrs. Foyle's Showroom Manager.

THE INSPIRATION OF MR. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

BY LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

VERY genial and kindly is that most popular Yorkshire novelist, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe. He has all the generous qualities of his county, and would go



Mr. Halliwell
Sutcliffe.

many miles out of his way to do even a complete stranger a good turn. He has scores of friends who swear by him, but never at him; and his life has been a happy one as men's go on this pilgrimage through the vale.

He is a man of great culture, who brings to the novelist's task high gifts and attainments. He has the faculty of every really successful novelist who has ever lived of telling a story in such a way that it stirs the blood. The greater part of his life

is spent at his desk; and all his hours there are happy ones. However dark the day, thick and driving the rain, or cold and searching the wind, he turns a cheerful face to the elements whether facing them in hardy walks, or surveying them from his study window. He is a man careless of the roughness of country life—exulting in it indeed.

No truer thing has ever been said than that happiness consists in working at one's true job. Mr. Sutcliffe was from his youth a destined novelist, and he works with a right good will at the vocation of his heart.

Our writer was born in 1870, near Howarth, in the bosom of the moorlands which are associated so closely with that tragical and marvellous family, the Brontës. Both the earlier and later years of Halliwell Sutcliffe have been linked up with that wild, noble county of loneliness, superstition and legend, of stout-hearted men and women. In all his novels his devotion to Yorkshire, its scenery and its people, is manifested to the fullest. He has succeeded, too, in making the places he has selected for his stories as interesting as the characters. This is no mean achievement. Readers of Sir Walter Scott who can view him critically—i.e. non-Scottish readers—will remember the terrible ennui of those stretches of landscape which the Wizard used to introduce when he had for the nonce exhausted his magic. Scenic descriptions can be infinitely tiresome even in the hands of a great romancer. When indulged in by one of the lesser kind they are yawn-compelling. Mr. Sutcliffe adapts his scenery to his characters like a musician who is at once lyric-writer and composer.

Of his beloved county Mr. Sutcliffe says: "Its glamour has been with me always, and to me 'Wuthering Heights,' woven from knowledge of the heaths' inmost moors, is the greatest novel in our language."

That is a bold statement, but the man who makes it would be prepared to argue the claims of this novel against any other work of fiction you brought up against it. "Wuthering Heights" is a great novel. It is without cavil a work of genius. One no more questions its power than one challenges the forces of a tempest. It is part of the Yorkshire land and sky; only there could it have been written.

It is significant of Mr. Sutcliffe's unswerving originality that in spite of his worship of the Brontës, his work bears no evidence or trace of Brontë influence. He is his own man all the time as a writer.

Halliwell Sutcliffe graduated at King's College, Cambridge, in 1893, with mathematical honours. Leaving college he went to London. Here he wrote a novel which was rejected, and short stories which continued to be rejected. Here is the lesson for all beginners in literature, that they must not look to success at the beginning—at least they must not count upon it. It is the account one hears, again and again, of those opening years of a writer's life when everything that he puts his confidence in comes back with celerity and a rejection-slip.

Young Sutcliffe grew very tired of the stony-hearted stepmother, London, and returned to Yorkshire, where slowly but surely he established himself with the Press and with publishers. That is another hint for the neophyte. Good short stories will be accepted in time whatever part of the country they come from. I do not know why any of them should not be accepted in the first instance, but can only ascribe this to the over-caution of editors and publishers who prefer to have stock-names on their lists. One wonders at times how a new talent ever does make an opening in face of the deep-seated prejudice against fresh names.

It is not the Yorkshire of cities and watering-places that Mr. Sutcliffe knows and adores. His Yorkshire is a mountain country where loves and fears go deep, where trolls and the Ghostly Hound are still remembered and men live very close to nature's heart of mystery and dread. It has always been his belief that to reflect the real atmosphere of the hills and their people, it is vital that one should live among them. It is Mr. Sutcliffe's happy fortune to inhabit an ancient home in Upper Wharfedale, which is held by many people to be the most varied and beautiful of English dales; and the years only enhance and deepen its many-sided interest.

"Wild fells and moors," declares Mr. Sutcliffe with enthusiasm, "stretching to the mountains' feet, haunted, dark ravines, primrose glens watered by quick, limpid streams—these make the land's appeal. History and legend jostle each other at every turn. For two hundred years it was the raiding ground of the Scots, until the Dalesmen settled old scores by sweeping into Flodden Field to decide the day's issue. Bolton Priory is in the dales, and its market-town is Skipton, where for centuries the Cliffords kept semi-regal state. A few miles from my door lived the Nortons, those passionate venturers who were ruined by the Rising of the North. Wordsworth's 'Emily of the milk-white doe' was the daughter of the house. On the rugged heights above

the dale the ancient Britons fought their last running battles with the invading hosts. And even to-day the land broods on these things and remembers. Its modern life is full of movement and excitement. Gipsies and potters cross its roads and by-lanes. Its farmers and yeomen, its shepherds and drovers, are a free, keen-witted folk, good to know."

London novelists, who think that the metropolis holds all the interests of England, may be surprised by Mr. Sutcliffe's belief that a Yorkshire dale contains for him the best things in the world, but he speaks with the accent of utter conviction. For him every dalesman, and indeed every nomad, is a friend. From the dwellers and the wanderers he has gained much knowledge at first-hand of this history-laden soil, and he has of course read deeply of its legends and romances, its battles and its spells of peace. Here is a man utterly happy in his environment, and repaying the land and its people by the splendid chronicles and sagas he has written about them.

Out of a handsome list of books I select a few for mention. Jacobites—and there are still a few left in England—place first "Under the White Cockade." Lovers of nature will give their vote to "A Bachelor in Arcady." Fire and force abound in such novels as "Red o' the Fen," "Lonesome Heights" and "Strength of the Hills."

One of the best things he has ever done is his recent novel, "Storm," a story of fierce fighting and strange wooing, a book of fear and dread, of hope and victory. Its opening chapter tells of how Hardcastle, Master of Logie, is held up on a bleak road by three gaunt men, who demand from him tribute for the thieving village

of Garsykes. Other farmers and yeomen have given largess and gone on their way unscathed. Hardcastle's stubborn pride will not permit this. When he says nay the men attack him with intention to maim or to kill, but he emerges from the conflict battered and blood-stained, but still an emphatic victor. From that day he and his house are in perpetual danger from the Men of the Wilderness. Hardcastle is the last of his

race. His only companion is his grim old house keeper, Rebecca.

Then, on a night of storm and snow, a couple of wanderers, Pedlar Donald and the girl Causleen, find harbourage at Garsykes. Neither Hardcastle nor Rebecca are keen on receiving strangers, but hospitality is a sacred Yorkshire virtue. Causleen is very kittle cattle, even fuller of Highland pride than Donald. Hardcastle, who professes to hate women, has had a humiliating experience at the hands of a Garsykes beauty, Nita, and he tries to harden his heart against this new and scornful one.

Causleen is as cruel in her way as Nita, but she is honest. Presently Hardcastle has enough trouble from the incursions of the Garsykes scoundrels to put sentiment out of his heart.

His main support against these raids is the dog, Storm, which has an evil name in the dale as a devourer of ewes. The lawless dog has loyalty to the man who saved it from the gun of an infuriated shepherd. Storm plays a very big part in a stirring book.

I quote from this fine novel a characteristic passage:

"He watched the wild gathering-scene below—the sheep scampering every way at once, the dogs half-crazied, the men who seemed, most of them, little surer of their wits. Then he saw order come from the bedevilment, till at last

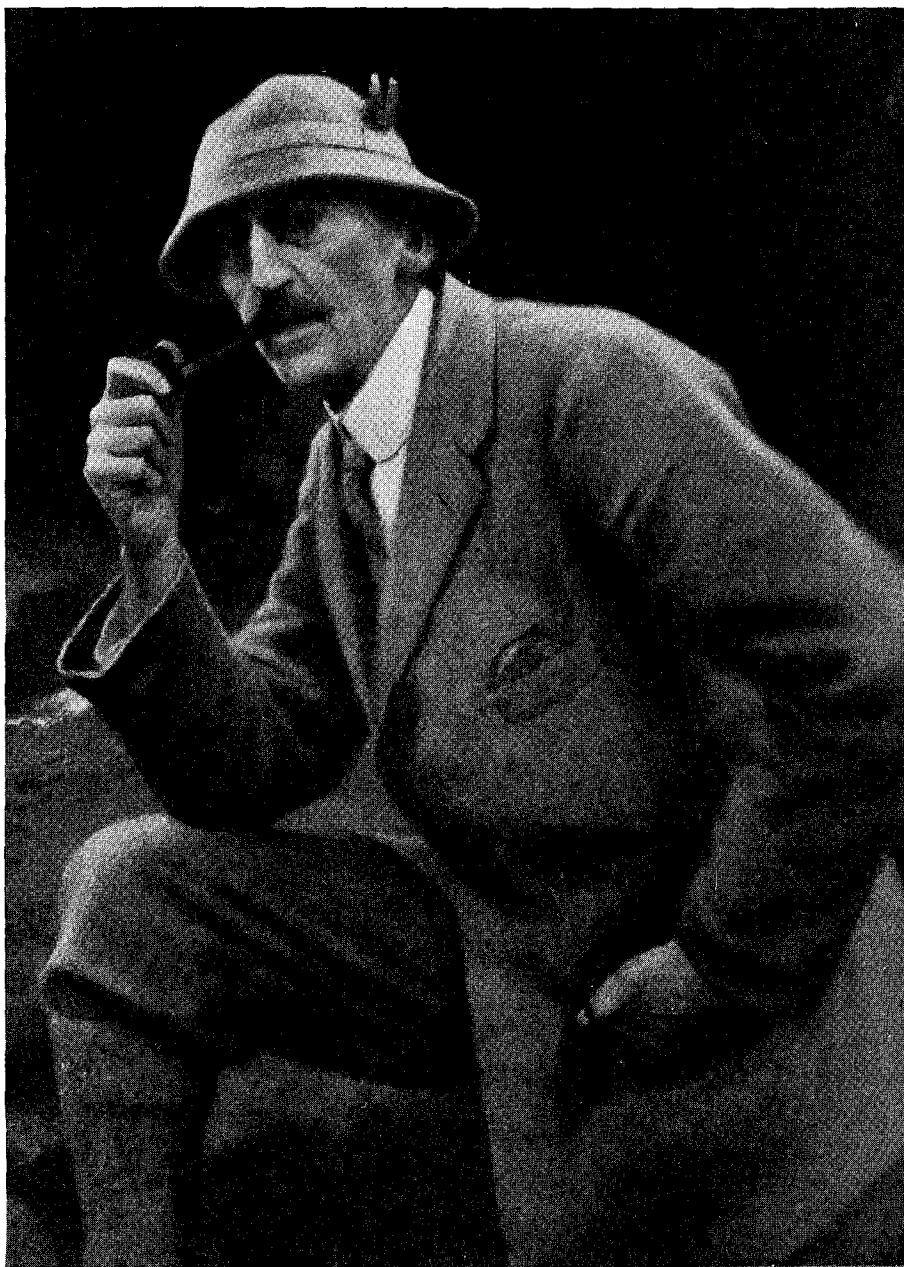


Photo by Grove, Son & Boulton.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe.

the whole of the wild fells below him took moving shape. There was no longer a waste of close-cropped pasture. It was hidden by long, swaying flocks that glided to their lowland shelter-fields.

"As the grey sheep moved through the day's heat, the sweat of their fleeces rose to a sunlight that turned it into rainbow mist; and Hardcastle stood looking down on old, familiar country changed to fairyland. The spell of it was on him. He had not known what glamour lay about this simple Gathering Day.

"He shook himself free of dreams, and glanced across the valley. Garsykes, the village of the Lost Folk, was sending wood-smoke up into the quiet sky as if it were a haunt of peace. Yet it had put a token on his gate, had killed old Roy already, and would burn Logie next, no

doubt. It seemed destined that he should lose the few things left him nowadays to care for."

In addition to writing, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has another recreation in Badminton. His outdoor pursuits include rough-shooting, golf, tennis, cycling and heather-tramping. His garden too is a close companion.

Mr. Sutcliffe during the past year has been awarded the medal of honour of Saint Charles the Royal Martyr by the Royal Martyr Church Union in recognition of his services to Stuart literature. He was recently elected a member of the Council of the Authors' Club in succession to Sir Rider Haggard.

THREE POETS.

WILFRID GIBSON.

BY EDWARD THOMPSON.

Mr. Gibson is a poet of very consistent achievement. His work is without glamour or startling beauty of phrase; but it is competent always, and it has substance to it. Its chief fault is a diffuseness that is sometimes as vexing as Wordsworth's; he has written a good deal that seems to have had no adequate impulse behind it—the author having been resolutely a poet, recognising a scene or an episode as "poetical" and therefore making a poem round it. The poetry suffers, too, from a drabness of colour and phrasing which is sometimes very effective but not always so, and in the aggregate monotonous.

Mr. Gibson has a territory all his own, the Northumberland hills, and the border that stretches to Solway. It is a country where the land has a sober beauty of grey stone and moss-fringed beck and sheep-grazed fell, where the people live simply and work hard, and old memories of warfare and more recent ones of mishap amid the hills cling to the mind. Mr. Gibson has given this land its place in literature, and his deep satisfaction in it moves quietly in his verse, which at its best makes the reader see the land and understand why the poet loves it. He comes nearest to glamour when his verse tells some story that is wrapped in snow or mountain mists; and he is a poet who suffers definite injustice from short quotation, for his power is not expressed in concentration but needs space to show itself. Nevertheless the reviewer should quote; and a few lines from "The Snow,"* which tell of two children coming into a flock of sheep while lost, will reveal how well he knows his scenery and can make us know it also:

"The wind rose and the dry
snow drifted
In little eddies round the
track,
And when at last the dark
cloud rifted
He saw a strange lough, lying
cold and black
'Mid unknown ghostly hills,
and knew

* "Collected Poems, 1905-25." By Wilfrid Gibson. 8s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

That they were lost: and once again
The snow closed in and swept from view
The dead black water and strange fells.

"But still he struggled on; and then,
When he seemed climbing up an endless steep
And ever slipping, sliding back
With ankles aching like to crack,
And only longed for sleep,
He heard a tinkly sound of bells
That kept on ringing, ringing, ringing,
Until his dizzy head was singing
And he could think of nothing else:
And then it seemed the weight was lifted
From off his back and on the ground
His sister stood, while all around
Were giants clad in coats of wool,
With big curled horns and queer black faces,
Who bobbed and curtsied in their places
With blazing eyes and strange grimaces,
But never made a sound."

This gift of description, close and watchful and needing abundant room for its exercise, is very effective in many

of the narrative poems. Some of these could hardly be bettered; for example, "Solway Ford," which tells a man's sensations as he lies, pinned by an overturned cart, waiting for the tide to come in. Mr. Gibson has many of these stories in verse—they are all sombre ones, though it is only lately that he has begun to wreck his gift by introducing often the crude and ghastly cruelty of the gallows, which other living poets have already over-exploited. They are sombre, but this is part of their power, for they are the stories that belong to a grey country and arise out of grey, courageous lives.

I have spoken of the colourlessness of his verse—a feature monotonous in so considerable a mass of writing, but in the best of the poems a fine merit, for it gives the verse truth, which is worth all the untruthful picturesque that is loose in verse to-day. But this is the interesting thing, that some of Mr. Gibson's very best description is in the comparatively few poems whose subject-matter gave him a chance to splash



Mr. Wilfrid Gibson.

From a photograph by Sherril Schell.

his canvas. His books, "In Khaki" and "Travels," contain a number of poems full of brilliant colour and bold outlines; they suggest that Mr. Gibson's own district has not fully developed his gifts, and that he would do well to cut loose sometimes again. It seems to me useless to deny the pictorial quality of such poems as "Suspense," "Ragtime," "Leave," "Bacchanal," "Long Tom," "The Cakewalk," "Thessaly," "Smyrna," "In Fifth Avenue," "By Lake Michigan," and "Travels." Once in a while, why doesn't the man who wrote them put himself where he can see such vivid earth and skies and folk again? The colour gathered in those experiences lingered sufficiently to set a brightness on the opening poem of the next section ("Home"), the sonnet "Wings":

"As a jade-necked
mallard alighting in
a pool

Among marsh-marigolds
and splashing
wet

Green leaves and yellow blooms, like jewels set
In bright black mud, with clear drops crystal-cool,
Bringing keen savours of the sea and stir
Of windy spaces where wild sunsets flame
To that dark inland dyke. . . ."

JOHN FREEMAN.

BY FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Mr. Freeman calls his poem "Solomon and Balkis,"* although it is not until the eighth part of ten that the Queen of Sheba makes her entry. Yet it cannot be said that the title is a misnomer, for what follows her entry is worth more than all that goes before: it is the coming of the beauty for which one had been waiting. What goes before is but a prelude, and it is a defect in the poem that it is not an inevitable prelude. The last three parts could well stand alone and unheralded, and they would gain by doing so. The earlier parts contain many beauties of detail, but not the beauty which sweeps one into itself. One feels that Mr. Freeman himself has not been swept, or, to word it more happily, rapt by his theme. He has woven an oriental carpet, full of intricate fantasies and monstrous surprises. But that seems hardly the job for a poet who in the past has wrung exquisite nuances from the common life of passion and memory.

Mr. Freeman's Solomon is an Arabian rather than a Hebrew Solomon. He has embodied him from the multitudinous legends which have survived of a monarch who held the gorgeous East in the fee of fascination, and from analogous matter of his own invention. The result is a magician rather than a sage, a figure outside humanity. He deals too familiarly with the supernatural, and the infranatural, to be sympathetic to men. A wizard can be made convincing by one who believes in wizards or can bring himself to believe in them for an occasion, as Merlin was made convincing by Malory. Mr. Freeman aims at producing magic by a cunning use of words, but they have

* "Solomon and Balkis." By John Freeman. 5s. (Macmillan.)



Photo. by F. E. Grattan.

Mr. John Freeman.

not the effect of an incantation. It is probable that Mr. Chesterton does not fundamentally believe in genii. But he has the useful literary gift of being able to get himself into a state of temporary belief in anything, and of communicating his conviction. Thus the terse and pregnant phrase with which he hits off and dismisses the genii who come casually into "Lepanto"—

"Multiplex of wing and
eye"—

stirs a response in the imagination which is not evoked by the particularised catalogue of those who make unwilling obeisance to Solomon in Mr. Freeman's poem:

"In score-score legions loth
they came,
Breathing smoke, darting
flame,
Darting anguish, breathing
shame,
Unmasked evils;
Shape of haggard wolf fast
quaking,
Writhing snake, leopard
shaking,
Slant-eyed goat, sea-dragon
making

Hills of foam;
And shapes perverted, horse long-snouted,
Scaly ass, eagle four-footed,
Four-eyed tapir that the owl hooted,
All needs must come;
And four-limbed whales, and beast with fin
For hand, all misbegot in sin,
Yes, every cursed and spell-less Djinn
Anguished obeyed."

This lunatic Zoo, this company from an ark stocked by a Noah whose lapse from sobriety was no unwonted accident, is grotesque but it is not terrible. If Mr. Freeman invented it, he did not invent it well; and if he lifted it from one of his authorities, he lacked, when he did so, the translator's touch.

The poem opens with the birth of Solomon, child of Bethsabe, given to David in consolation for the loss of his forty sons, who had died on their wedding night. At three years old he displeases his mother, who plans to have him killed. But the child saves himself by the exercise of his precocious wisdom. He lives in the forest,

"Learning the while from beast and bird
Their secret ways and motion's word."

Returning to his father's court, he shares the judgment seat with David, until his pride in his own wisdom bringing upon him a rebuke from Heaven he goes back to the forest. There he administers justice among the beasts until he is brought once more to the court. In due course he succeeds David on the throne, the spirits of earth and air, good and evil, bow down to him, and he starts to build the Temple with magic aid. In all this there is much interesting narrative, and much brilliant description. Mr. Freeman's technical skill is never in question, and he varies his metres cunningly. But the effect is one of virtuosity rather than of vision until the moment when Solomon is inspired with love for the unseen Balkis. Then the quality of the poetry is transmuted. The height of beauty which is here reached may be appreciated from the opening passage of Part Eight:

"Solomon drowsing one day on his throne,
Solitary and weary, heard a tone

That from the reeded gilding seemed to fall
Softly, then die; and then a clearer call
Serene, unsyllabled, that slowly floated
Like shadows down, and faded half unnoted;
Again, again, in simple modulation,
Now like a voice, now a wire's agitation
When the wind plucks it with quick flying finger
And swallow-like the circling echoes linger—
Long echo's echo.
And at night he heard
Clearer, on tranquil airs, the
cry of a bird
(If ever bird might sing so)
rising amid
The muting sounds of the
city, hid
Solemn in star-thrilled night.
What was it sang—
What was it—whence—from
whom—this music rang?

*"There is a long sighing in
Arabia,
In Sheba a King's daughter
sits and reigns
Companionless, unloved,
unhusbanded,
And pours her dreams and
eyes upon the plains."*

Thence, through Solomon's
flight to Sheba on his magic
carpet, his wooing and
winning of the queen, the
birth of their son Menelik
and the death of Balkis, and
the king's backsliding and
subsequent return to the
memory of Balkis, the poem
stands securely among the
best of its author's work.

FRANK KENDON.

By C. HENRY WARREN.

The story of Judas
Iscariot has already been
the subject of many a poem,
play, and novel. But we
can recall none that is more
lyrically compelling than
this "narrative in verse"
by one of the sincerest of our
younger poets. You may
not agree with Mr. Kendon's
particular interpretation,*
but at least he shows us a
character complete and un-
derstandable and devoid of that paltriness which the motive
of avarice has successfully tainted him with for twenty
centuries. By the light of imaginative truth Mr. Kendon
attempts an explanation of this puzzlingly tragic disciple.
He sees in him a complex personality, too questioning, too
introspective, constantly thwarted in his endeavours to
resolve his doubts and queries, and one whose "passion
from first to last was for himself."

The poem, which is in eight books of unrhymed penta-
metres, opens with an incident in the childhood of Judas.
His warm wideawake friendliness extends to one of his
father's shepherd boys, and together they wander off on
some likely boyish adventure. During their absence the
flock is scattered and damaged by a wolf. A flogging is
the inevitable penalty for the youthful shepherd. Silently
Judas looks on and then, in a rage, snatches the whip and
strikes his father. Thus at the outset the key-note of
revolt is given. Ten years pass, and the self-exiled young
man has set himself the task of learning the craft of the

* "A Life and Death of Judas Iscariot." By Frank Kendon.
3s. (Bodley Head.)

potter. Attracted by the self-containedness and simple
wisdom of some old potter, he wonders if that way too lies
some solution for him. But he is too mercurial, too
sceptical, to win to the philosophic calm of that old man:
"man lives to be as happy as he dare," can never be
a watchword urgent enough for him. And then one day

he hears of a certain healing
prophet away in the north.
A blind man, whom Judas
knew, returns to the village
with his sight restored.
This fires Judas's enthu-
siasm and he goes off in
search. Finding Jesus, he
is convinced that here at
last is the guide he had been
seeking all his days. It is
not long, however, before
he discovers that Jesus is
not the man of action he
had taken him to be. Once
more he is driven in upon
himself. Puzzled at his
silence, the other disciples
mistrust him and do not
understand his despairing
cry:

"Peter, I,
A soul cursed with reserves,
am not yet mad.
I see a man in grievous
battle failing,
Too proud to call for help."

Only Jesus sees his
quandary and cannot pre-
vent it: "even he whose
mind has keenest edge of
all that labour with me,
misconstrues me." So the
disillusioned man is ripe for
the crafty suggestion of the
priests—that it shall be
made possible for him to
supplant Jesus and lead a
war against Rome. The
betrayal that follows is,
then, a last attempt to
convince himself that he is
capable of action—an
attempt whose failure is
manifest in the suicide that
follows.

For Mr. Kendon rejects
utterly the motive of
avarice. "If we take into account," he writes, "the long
service which Judas must have given to the common cause,
before his downfall, and the fact that Jesus, who chose the
others, also chose and accepted Judas, our imagination
refuses to accept so inhuman a motive." With such an
extension of sympathy we are not likely to-day to disagree.
Whether we agree or not with the motive that Mr. Kendon
sets in its place, at any rate it is one fully in accord with the
character he has built up, and as an interpretation it
heightens, rather than diminishes, the tragedy of Judas.

Particularly commendable is the way in which this poem
passes from the colourful, lyrical, objective first half to
the more intensely subjective second half. The pictures of
Judas as a boy, and again in the shop of the master potter,
stand vivid and clear-cut in the memory. With the
entrance of Jesus, the poem shifts on to another plane, and
in a fine interweaving of the historical fact with imaginative
truth we are led on to the final catastrophe till, in a most
lyric epilogue, the poem ends. Mr. Kendon should con-
siderably widen his already enthusiastic audience by the
appearance of this beautiful piece of work.



Mr. Frank Kendon.

Drawing by H. M. G. Wilson.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL COMPETITION.

FORTY-FIVE POUNDS FOR SHORT STORIES.

THE BOOKMAN offers for the three best short stories three prizes of £20, £15, and £10 on the following conditions:

(1) All stories submitted must be original and unpublished.

(2) No story may be more than 2,000 words in length.

(3) MSS. should be typed.

(4) No competitor may send more than two stories.

(5) Competitors may use a pseudonym, but his or her real name must also be on the MS., and will be printed in the event of a prize being awarded.

(6) The Competition is open to all writers of English in all parts of the world.

(7) MSS. should be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, and "Short Story Competition" written on the envelopes in which they are sent.

(8) The Editor's decision shall be final.

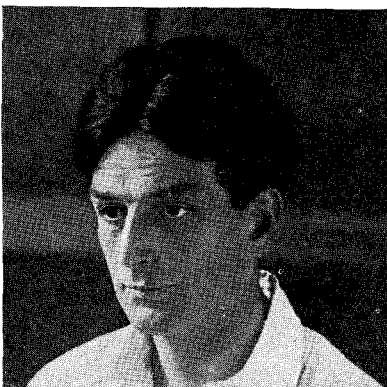
All MSS. must reach the office of THE BOOKMAN not later than February 15th, and results will be announced and the Prize stories and a selection of the others printed in next April Double Number of THE BOOKMAN.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

A. E. COPPARD.

"There are men who love to gaze with the mind at things that can never be seen."—*Dusky Ruth*, by A. E. C.

THE green-tinted pages of the old *Saturday Westminster* introduced to its readers the early work of several writers of distinction. Ten or twelve years ago one began to find in it an occasional story or poem



Mr. A. E. Coppard.

by A. E. Coppard, and the fact that some of these contributions were cut out and preserved caused at least one reader to give himself airs when a book by this writer was announced. The first collection of Mr. Coppard's tales was published on All Fools' Day,

1921, and bore the title of one of the best fantasies he has ever written, "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me." As you will discover, Coppard has a genius for titles. "Adam and Eve" was published by the now famous Golden Cockerel Press; besides being Coppard's first book, it was also the first book produced in the communal workshops of that society of craftsmen—a happy augury for author and publishers both. In make-up the book certainly shows signs of the prentice hand, which is not to be wondered at when one learns that even the author shared in the labour of printing and binding. But despite all this, every copy of "Adam and Eve"—there were 550 in all—seems long ago to have found a permanent home; at any rate, its quaint orange boards are rarely seen on the shelves of a bookshop or an auction-room. Exactly a year later "Hips and Haws" was published; it was the seventh book to bear the sign of the golden cockerel and contained the first collection of Mr. Coppard's

verse. Along with "Hips and Haws" there came a second book of tales, entitled "Clorinda Walks in Heaven," but the next three volumes which stand to this author's credit were published by Jonathan Cape; these are "The Black Dog" (1923), "Fishmonger's Fiddle" (1925) and "The Field of Mustard" (1926). A selection of "Songs from Robert Burns" (1925) and another volume of his own verse, "Pelagea and Other Poems" (1926), both from the Golden Cockerel Press, along with "Yokohama Garland and Other Poems" (Centaur Press, 1926), complete for the present the tale of Mr. Coppard's work.

To one surveying this work as a whole the thought is insistent that the writer is essentially a poet. In tale after tale the view-point is that of the poet, and in them all the prose is never far from the verge of poetry. Whether in verse or in prose, Coppard's absorption is in the recreation of experience. In this he differs from the host of so-called poets of to-day who merely wait for the occasion on which emotion is moved and then descant gracefully about it. In the true sense of the name, Coppard is a poet, a "makar," a creative artist.

Although a fervent admirer of the national bard of Scotland, the author seldom endeavours to emulate him in the rhythm and swing of his verse. Most of his poetry, indeed, takes the form of irregular blank verse or of *vers libre*, for Coppard is an apostle of freedom and very naturally avoids the tyranny latent in metre and rhyme. Moreover, when he adopts the older forms he is never so natural; on such occasions there is something reminiscent in his verse, something which sets the reader to search his memory for a prototype. For instance, in "The Prodigal Son," the last poem in "Hips and Haws," the influence of two older poets is clear:

"Sad are the harvests I amass
And empty of all grain;
Thickens the dust upon the grass
No dews shall wash again;

Nought can unclog the unconfined
From pride so falsely kept,
Nor from my void but living mind
May its dead dreams be swept."

But with free verse as his medium Coppard can be happy, sad or satiric without luring the reader to thoughts of other men. One piece of irony deserves to be requoted as often as the second week of November comes round. He is thinking of a crowd less amenable than the Glorious Dead, that "insuperable residuum, who died a threefold death and yet survive":

"But the death of the living why should we
magnify? . . .
Once having lived the life of the dead,
Why can't you hawk your collar-studs in silence,
And vend your matches with a meeker air?"

In content and in technique, Coppard's second book of verse shows a marked advance on "Hips and Haws." When "Pelagea" was announced, one looked forward to a story of some Lady of the Sea, but a hint from the best possible authority turned the name, with the guttural hard, into "Pelageya" and cleared the way for the simple tale of a peasant woman with an old husband and a young lover who sings with all youth's confidence the inevitable end:

"But my love loves me though she does not like
my behaviour;
She does not laugh when I laugh at her,
Though I do not laugh maliciously;
And when I walk beside her, pleasantly thinking.
Pelagea's heart is full of those dark fancies—
Fears of love, and love of what she fears.
But what is to come, comes ever;
Indolently the moon
Rises, but must rise;
The moon invites the earth, the earth the sun,
Tides must flow, and the great sea must sing."

"Yokohama Garland and Other Poems" has been issued so recently that it might with justice have been dated 1927. The volume consists of nearly all the poems in "Hips and Haws" and "Pelagea," along with two or three new pieces. Reference has been made to the rather crude format of Coppard's first book. In justice to his publishers it must here be added that all the succeeding volumes, even in the ordinary issue, can compare with the best that are being produced on either side of the Atlantic. As for the limited editions of "Fishmonger's Fiddle" and "The Field of Mustard" and the beautiful "Yokohama Garland" with its delicate vignettes, one can only envy the fortunate possessors of these *livres de luxe* and rejoice that the art of English book production is again coming into its own.

To resume, however, it is rather as a teller of tales than as a poet that Mr. Coppard has won a public of his own. Strange tales they are too, and remarkable in their variety. Although he appears to know all the tricks of the trade, it is not by the study of textbooks on the Short Story that this new Tusitala has acquired his peculiar skill. In his case style and technique have been developed slowly and painfully, but their empiric growth has given them the supreme charm of individuality. With the machine-made short story of the magazine Coppard's work has no affinity. The former you need scarcely read; you merely glance

over the pages and the story is yours, but when you take up a Coppard tale you must read and you dare not skip. In fact, after a line or two you have no inclination to skip, for in every sentence, despite apparent irrelevancies, the writer is subtly creating the atmosphere which he desires. You get an example of his method in the abrupt opening of the tale of "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me":

"... and in the whole of his days, vividly at the end of the afternoon—he repeated it again and again to himself—the kind country spaces had *never* absorbed *quite* so rich a glamour of light, so miraculous a bloom of clarity. He could feel streaming in his own mind, in his bones, the same crystalline brightness that lay upon the land. Thoughts and images went flowing through him as easily and amiably as fish swim in their pools; and as idly, too, for one of his speculations took up the theme of his family name. There was such an agreeable oddness about it, just as there was about all the luminous sky to-day, that it touched him as just a little remarkable."

Such is the prelude to the fantastic tale of a man's spirit which becomes disembodied, is projected a few years into the future, and wanders in a sunlit garden in the company of his unborn child.

There are sixty-seven tales in the five published volumes of A. E. Coppard's prose. To comment on even a few of these is here impracticable. In the last issue of THE BOOKMAN the contents of "The Field of Mustard" were reviewed at considerable length. To that review the present critic would merely add the hope that in his next collection of tales the author will not devote so much space to the sombre subject of sex. In all Coppard's stories, however, whether dealing with tragedy, romance, idyll or fantasy, the reader need have no fear of finding anything but the most finished work. The author knows what his *métier* is; in olden days he would have been a jongleur, a minstrel wandering from hall to hall charming the ears of listeners by his varied lore. Even in print, his stories have all the features of the spoken word, and it is good to know that the Broadcasting authorities have already discovered and made use of the skill of this teller of tales.

In his forty-odd years of life A. E. Coppard has played many parts. In fact his lot has been quite as exciting as a jongleur's would have been a thousand years ago. At the mature age of nine he was taken away from school because of ill-health—to cure which, save the mark, he was set to work! Hardship and toil prevented a return to school, so that the education of this writer has been practically self-acquired. At one stage of his varied career Coppard was a professional sprinter, and a very good one at that. It is to be hoped that some day he will set down a few of the stories which he can tell so vividly of those exciting times. Ultimately a business appointment in Oxford brought him within the inspiration of that city of learning. Thence he retired for a space to an eerie spot in the midst of great woods, where he might pursue without interruption the exercise of his chosen art; it was a period of deep thinking and of meagre living, but it brought nearer to perfection that craftsmanship which is manifest in every poem he writes or every tale he tells, and which has raised A. E. Coppard into the very highest rank of English writers of the Short Story.

J. B. CHAPMAN.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

Eighteenth century prose has never been under a cloud, but the poetry of the eighteenth century had



Photo by E. O. Hoppe. **Mr. Alfred Noyes,** the production of whose drama, "Robin Hood," is reviewed in this Number.

once fallen so far from its original glory that, if it would not be true to say there was almost none to do it reverence, there certainly were not many. Pope, its greatest poet, was dismissed by that windy and watery versifier, Bowles, who had such an influence on Coleridge, as no poet at all, and, with Byron opposing him, he found plenty of supporters among contemporary critics and poets. Years ago, when I was casually making acquaintance with the poets of the eighteenth century in those charming little old "C. Cooke" editions that used to clutter the bookstalls, in the first flush of my discovery of some of them, I wrote an essay on Akenside, which brought a mild reproof from a very distinguished critic of that day who said my admiration of Akenside denoted a defective taste; he urged me to turn from the formal, artificial verse of that period to the great poetry of the Elizabethans and to that of such moderns as Browning and Tennyson. I was in fact already intimate with the Elizabethans and those moderns, and was not turning from them to the eighteenth century poets but, in a proper catholic spirit, finding room in my private world for all of them. Why it should be assumed, and it often is, that no person can really appreciate more than one kind of poetry is one of those things that are not worth trying to understand. Prior and Pope were as essentially the interpreters of their period as Shakespeare or Milton was of his, or Tennyson and Browning of theirs. That, in thought and manner of expression, the poets of the eighteenth differed widely from the poets of the centuries before and after it is one of their virtues; they

reflected the fashion, modes, affectations, spoke the natural language of their times, and only seem artificial to such of us as forget or never knew their times and compare their utterance with that of ages to which they did not belong.

And they differ too much from each other, even, to be spoken of as if they were all alike and could be judged collectively. As Dr. David Nichol Smith's "Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse" (8s. 6d.; Oxford Press) will remind you, Pope, Swift, Isaac Watts belonged to the earlier half of the century, and Blake, Burns and something of Coleridge to the later. There could be no better introduction to the quality and range of eighteenth century poetry than Dr. Nichol Smith has provided. "The whole duty of an anthologist is," he says, "to select and arrange. But the evidence from which we can come to our own just conclusions is provided in this volume, if it is as representative as the editor has tried to make it. Those who are interested in poetic movements and fashions may find in it what they want; others, too, who prefer to think of this century, as they may of every century, as an age of transition. Its poetry is rich in conscious echoes; but it is richer in anticipations." So far from being all "the poetry of town," much of it—as here and there in Akenside, Stillingfleet, Dyer, the Countess of Winchelsea, and others—has at times the simplicity of diction and love of nature that are characteristic of Wordsworth. I miss Garth from Dr. Nichol Smith's collection—a rather typical eighteenth century figure who belonged to the Addison group, but his "Dispensary" was published a year before the century began, and one must draw the line somewhere; and, because of a personal liking which is perhaps unjustifiable, I could have wished Dr. Johnson's enemy, Soame Jenyns, had been included. I cannot lay hands on his book this evening and cannot recall the title of a didactic poem of his, dealing with his religious doubts and convictions, which has an independent note of its own and contains passages that were worth rescuing from oblivion. Anyhow, these are of little or no moment compared with the wealth of verse by major and minor poets that Dr. Nichol Smith has selected and gathered into the most amply representative anthology of eighteenth century poetry that has yet been compiled.

While Mr. Alfred Noyes's romantic drama, "Robin Hood," was running at the Century Theatre one of the audience sent the management a cheque for a hundred guineas, saying it was to show his deep appreciation of the production, and of the

taste and enterprise of those who had put upon the stage a poetical play of such power and charm both as drama and as poetry. Nothing could be more gratifying than praise so spontaneous and so practical; when a man pays thus handsomely for his opinion you may be sure that he means what he says.

Like most people, I have a weakness for a good mystery story, and this last month, in the train or in bed (for these are among the best sort of bed-books), I have read three. Instead of helping you to sleep they keep you awake, but they take you out of yourself and make you forget all the worries of the day, which is better than going to sleep and dreaming about them. I would defy anyone to go to sleep soon after starting to read Mrs. Agatha Christie's "The Big Four" (Collins). Here you have four conspirators: a mysterious Chinaman; Abe Ryland, an American millionaire; a beautiful Frenchwoman, who is a great scientist, and an English actor, known as "the Destroyer," who mercilessly wreaks vengeance on their enemies—these four are banded together to establish, by intrigue and violence, "a world dominion." Mrs. Christie's famous little Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot, pits his wits against their unscrupulous machinations, fathoms all their secrets, thwarts their cunning schemes and, after thrilling and perilous adventures, brings all their efforts to ruin at last. Improbable? But who wants probability in a story of this kind? What you do want is ingenuity and excitement, and here you have plenty of both.

"Without the Law," by H. Fletcher Moulton (Arrowsmith), is another story to keep young people from their play and old people contented in their arm-chairs. Before it begins, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Challoner, D.S.O., has murdered a money-lender. He had not meant to, and had done it accidentally in helping a girl whom the money-lender was black-mailing. He had made his escape safely, when in the first chapter he is accused of a petty theft by an odd and mature female who plods after him and gives him into custody. He gets a chance to

break away from the police and, with his real crime in mind, flies and hides in a dustbin till the pursuit has gone by. He is now for two reasons anxious to sink his identity and get out of the country; moreover, he had discovered in the money-lender's papers mysterious documents which set him in the way of unravelling a Communist plot. And in doing this, and in hiding from the law, he is presently carrying the reader briskly into a capital yarn of crime, sensation and love. The long arm of coincidence is strained at times

nearly to dislocation, but who cares? The book is written deftly and with a sense of humour; it is entertaining and keeps you interested, and if it is Mr. Fletcher Moulton's first novel, I congratulate him on making such a good beginning.

Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny has already proved that she is a master or mistress of the mystery novel, and in "The Missing Piece" (Cassells) she proves it again. Perhaps a very shrewd reader may guess, before the final revelation, what strange hiding-place Everal Deeping had chosen for that bit of paper which was of such vital importance to herself and to all concerned in her tragic death.

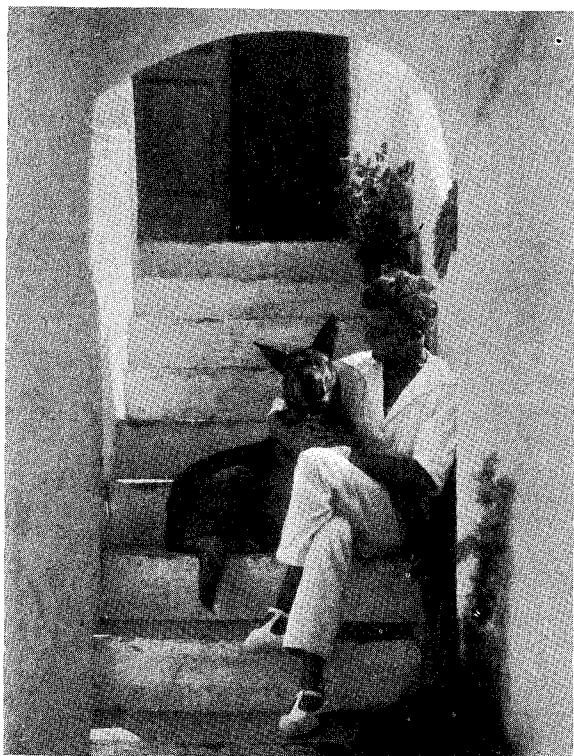
Even so, he will not guess what was written on the paper, nor why the artist's model was killed, nor the identity of the murderer—or, if he does, he will be uncommonly clever. The story is related by a dear old aunt addicted to saying wrong things at awkward moments. Her character and the characters of those around her are very amusingly brought out in her apparently rambling method of telling the story. Apparently, because her way of wandering off into private comments and opinions supplies numerous clues to the astute reader. That is where Mrs. de Crespigny scores over most writers of mystery tales; she is perfectly fair. No fact connected with the crime is withheld, therefore one has a reasonable chance of guessing the solution. But so intricate are those facts, so ingeniously tangled together, that not one reader in a thousand will guess right before he is meant to. If you like mystery tales, do not miss "The Missing Piece."

Mr. R. L. Mégroz, who wrote an admirable critical biography of Walter de la Mare a year or so ago,



Mr. Paul Bromfield,

whose brilliant novel, "Early Autumn," was recently published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.



Mr. George F. Hummel,
author of "A Good Man" (Geoffrey Bles).

and last year a book on "Joseph Conrad" (Elkin Mathews), which is about to appear in a French translation, has completed a new book, "Francis Thompson, the Poet of Earth and Heaven: A Study in Poetic Mysticism," which is to be published by Messrs. Faber & Gwyer this spring. It will be illustrated with several hitherto unpublished photographs. Mr. Mégroz's long delayed study of "The Three Sitwells" may be expected from Mr. Grant Richards, I hear, at an early date.

Mr. Percy Spalding takes with him the warmest good wishes of a host of friends on his retirement from the firm of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, in which he has been an active member for the last fifty years. He entered the firm in 1876, when Mr. Andrew Chatto and Mr. W. E. Windus were carrying on the business in partnership at 74 and 75, Piccadilly. Shortly after Mr. Spalding joined it the firm moved to 214, Piccadilly; thence, many years later, went to St. Martin's Lane, and on the death of Mr. Andrew Chatto in 1913, Mr. Spalding became senior partner until he retired at the end of last December. He has interesting recollections of many famous people whom he met during those years, including Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain, Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, Tyndal, Darwin, T. H. Huxley, Walter Besant, James Rice, Zola, Ouida, and other distinguished authors of the past and present, many of whose books Messrs. Chatto published. Here and when he was in America, Mr. Spalding was in personal touch with the partners of the principal American houses and likes to remember the great kindness and courtesy he has always received from them; he numbers, too,

among his close friends many English publishers and literary agents, and is cheered by the multitude of letters of goodwill and good wishes they have been writing to him. "I have been extremely happy throughout my career in the business," he says, "and shall have many happy memories to recall in my retirement." Those of us who have had dealings with him know that he has not received more kindness and courtesy than he has always given, and we have at least as many pleasant memories of him as he has of others.

Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing in March "Three Women," a new novel by Faith Baldwin, author of "Those Difficult Years" and "Thresholds."

A collection of Poems by Princess Bibesco will be published by Messrs. Ernest Benn in February.

A little book that will delight all garden lovers is "In a Green Shade," a sequence of garden thoughts in poetry and prose arranged by C. H. W., and decorated with delicately finished woodcuts by Frank Kendon. The prose and poems are well selected; the whole anthology is charming both in appearance and in content. It is published by Mr. Richard Wood's Talbot Press at Saffron Walden. Among other examples I have received of the beautifully artistic work the Talbot Press is producing are a portfolio of ten woodcuts by T. Mack of famous old houses and picturesque ways and byways of Saffron Walden (5s. 6d.), and a series of



Photo by Ethel Cave.

Mr. Percy Spalding.



**Miss Mary
Stella Edwards,**

author of "Time and Chance" (Hogarth Press).

"Candle shades," a new novel by Ursula Bloom, will be published on February 11th by Messrs. Hutchinson. Miss Bloom's last novel, "Our Lady of Marble," is just going into a third edition.

It is a long while since Sir Henry Taylor wrote, "the world knows nothing of its greatest men," and if, so far as its living great men are concerned, the saying still remains true, it is the world's own fault. For here in "Who's Who," the 1927 volume of which came in with the New Year (42s.; A. & C. Black), you may find all it is necessary you should know about men and women who have achieved celebrity of any kind whatever—when and where they were born, who were their parents, where they live, what they have done and when they did it, whom they married, how many children they have, their clubs, their telephone numbers and their recreations, if they have any. This year "Who's Who" contains over 32,000 concise biographies and all the usual additional information carefully brought up to date. It has become a commonplace to say it is indispensable, but there is no other word that so adequately describes what is, for hosts and hostesses and all business and professional people, one of the most useful as well as most interesting of all the reference books.

Ornithologists will be interested in "A Pocket Book of British Birds," by Edmund Sandars, which the Oxford Press is publishing in April. It will be illustrated with coloured plates and, as its title indicates, will be of a convenient size for carrying in the pocket on country walks.



Miss Ruth Brockington,

author of "When the Devil Drives" (Chapman & Hall).

reprints in colour at from 6d. to 2s. 6d. each, including Cowley's "Wish," Dekker's "Sweet Content" and the memorable "Joll's Creed," from Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard's novel, "Brave Earth."

"Candle shades," a new novel by

The delightful Pepys play, "And So To Bed,"

by J. B. Fagan, has been published by Messrs. Putnam in book form, and is as pleasant to read as it was to see.

A journey through unknown deserts in China is described in "The Long Old Road in China," by Langdon Warner, which Messrs. Arrowsmith are about to publish. The book will be illustrated with photographs.

A distinctly promising novel by a new writer is Miss Ruth Brockington's "When the Devil Drives" (Chapman & Hall). Helen Clive, of the theatrical profession, in spite of her complex nature, had much in her disposition that was simple and primitive. As a result of her narrow upbringing, she believed very literally in the devil. Bill Whittington, her fellow-actor, not realising that she was the woman for him, went off in his good-tempered, easygoing way, and blundered into a disastrous marriage. Perhaps Miss Brockington might have given her selfish, hypocritical Amy a few redeeming features; it is apparent from the first that she is going to make Bill unhappy, and she does. Then he finds in Helen his true mate; but Helen has her devil to cope with, she believes that if she and Bill disregard the marriage laws hell fire awaits them both. After a long struggle she lets her heart lead her, and afterwards runs away, hoping that by suffering she may atone for their dual sin. That however is not the end of the story. It is a story well written, with some good character studies—Bill and Helen are especially well drawn. There are touches of humour too, and much light dialogue, which gives an added attraction to a book of considerable ability that lacks nothing in dramatic interest.



Photo by Donovan.

**Miss Ursula
Bloom.**

Mr. Arnold Bennett has written a general introduction for the first volume of a collected edition of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's "Dartmoor cycle" of stories which Messrs. Macmillan have in preparation. Eighteen novels and two books of short stories will be included in the series.

A collected edition of the works of Mr. Frank Swinnerton is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson. The first five volumes will be ready this summer.

The Index to Volume LXX of THE BOOKMAN will be given in our next Number.

BOOKMAN.

New Books.

TROLLOPE RESURGENT.

Although I am not a collector of such, I have a few first editions that I value uncommercially, and one of these is the Autobiography of Anthony Trollope. I picked it up



Photo by
Window & Grove.

Anthony
Trollope.

when Trollope's day seemed over and most of his books were on sale only in second-hand shops, where they could be bought for a shilling apiece or less. After the death of Dickens, he and Wilkie Collins were probably the most popular of Victorian novelists. His earnings and his vogue were beginning to decline before he died; and by 1892, when he had been ten years dead, it looked as if he were going to justify his obituary notices.

And his obituary notices had not been

promising. I doubt whether the professional critics of his time ever regarded him as more than a circulating library favourite; they certainly did not suspect there were qualities in his work which were not ephemeral but would survive the test of time, and in a later generation give him place among the four or five greater novelists of the Victorian era. "Already when he died, in the winter of 1882," writes Mr. Michael Sadleir in his "Trollope: A Commentary,"* "the dispraises of a new and rebellious generation were mingling with the respectful compliments due to a vanished eminence." A leading article in *The Times* relegated his work, "firmly, contemptuously and (as matters have turned out) mistakenly, to a respectable oblivion." He was dismissed as "superficial and trivial," "monotonous," "commonplace," as "a chronicler of small beer." Criticism of contemporary authors is generally at fault. We are too near our contemporaries to be able to see them properly. But a quarter of a century later Trollope was still occupying a back seat, and you find histories of literature condescendingly describing his novels as "the best of an unambitious kind," as "without depth," but meritorious in that they "provided a whole generation with wholesome amusement." When you have read all this and much more like this it becomes the more significant that, instead of remaining where his own and a succeeding generation had put him, Trollope presently began to climb quietly to a place among novelists who are recognised as great enough to be "marked for continuance." That this should happen would have surprised not only his contemporaries but himself, for he repudiated the notion that he was a man of genius and shared their estimate of his work, and most of us are apt to accept an author at his own valuation, at all events when he undervalues himself.

He boasts in his Autobiography that he has written more books than any other living author, but denies that he has "endeavoured to lay claim to any literary excellence." When his popularity was at its height he was, he says, called upon by the *Graphic* for a Christmas story, and "I feel, with regard to literature, somewhat as I suppose an upholsterer feels when he is called upon to supply a funeral. He has to supply it, however distasteful it may be. It is his business, and he will starve if he neglect it." That, throughout the Autobiography, is

* "Anthony Trollope: A Commentary." By Michael Sadleir. (Constable.)

his attitude toward literature, and many have thought the less of him because he thought so little of himself.

However, in spite of himself and of his detractors, his novels, instead of dying respectably, began after an interval to come to life again. Some of the best, the Barsestshire stories, were never near extinction; they retained a dwindling circle of admirers, until an unobtrusive revival of interest in him started about twenty years ago. It manifested itself in magazine articles; then Mr. Lane issued at least one of his books, I remember ("The Three Clerks"), in a neat pocket edition; some of the novels appeared in Bohn's Library, and in Everyman's; more recently Messrs. Bell published a charming edition of the Barsestshire novels in eight volumes; more recently still his Autobiography and several of his novels have been added to the World's Classics. It has become evident that Trollope's works were not to be left as "alms for oblivion"; and in Mr. Michael Sadleir's book you will find an ample justification of this revival and a soundly critical study of Trollope's original, strongly individual gifts as a novelist.

Mr. Sadleir rightly opens with a survey of Trollope's period, for Trollope was essentially a man of his period; the most realistic historian of certain phases of its life and character. The critic who said he "had by far the greatest success in writing books with the ordinary young lady always in mind," was talking at random; and Mr. Sadleir admirably vindicates him as a critic of life and manners:

"His novels are almost without exception novels of a conflict between individual decencies and social disingenuities. And they are thus, because he regarded private persons with a friendly optimism, but society with cynical mistrust. He believed that the ordinary man or woman is at heart an honourable, kindly creature; that only when he or she sets out to scale a social height or to defend a social fortress do meanness and cruelty come to tarnish a natural brightness, to cloud a natural transparency. Sometimes the individual candour can resist, even defeat, can even transform social ambition; and such rare triumphs were Trollope's chiefest joy. More often the personality yields to the pressure or the temptation of convention; and such frequent tragedies had for him an unwilling but an irresistible fascination."

The two qualities that most influenced his handling of an imaginary social scene, says Mr. Sadleir, were "his worldly proficiency and his good manners":

"There is nothing that he does not know; there is very little that, in his quiet, skilful diction, he is not prepared to say. Socially speaking, he is the wisest of English novelists; but because a large part of social wisdom is restraint, alike of gesture and of word, his books are restrained—not in incident or necessarily in emotion—but in expression. He writes adult books for adult people. But because he writes in terms of polite society, because he is in the truest sense a 'man of the world,' he is too civilised and too experienced to forget the social decencies for the sake of the social sins."

Certain of our artists nowadays, who practise no restraint, might profitably reflect on that point. I have sometimes wondered whether there are not affinities between outspoken authors who are evidently sex-obsessed and those cruder persons who express their private impulses by making erotic drawings and writing up erotic words on the walls in public places. The resurgence of Trollope may have significances that need not be underlined.

If Mr. Sadleir is a Trollope enthusiast, he is also an acute and discriminating critic. He presents the man as well as his work, and skilfully reveals Trollope as a shrewd, blustering, genial, cynical, very human, curiously likeable personality. He greatly supplements the Autobiography with delightful accounts of the formal, pre-Victorian love passages between Trollope's father and mother; with a full story of the father's futilities and the courage and enterprise with which the mother—the witty, indomitable Frances Trollope—devoted herself to writing popular novels in order to pay her husband's debts and maintain the family; and with much that is new in the life of Trollope himself. Trollope has waited a long while to have justice done to him, and it is done to him at length in this exhaustive and brilliant study of his work, his life and his times.

ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

WILLIAM BLAKE, ENGRAVER.*

The best artists have been workmen. They have had, that is, at some time of their lives experience of the needs, the stubbornness, the qualities of material. Of course many of the arts are themselves obviously dependent on a material which has evident powers of resistance and refusal. In spite of the most extravagant exuberances of Baroque and Rococo, there are some things which stone and marble will not do, however the artist forces them. There are some things which they cannot even be made to seem to do. There are arts, however, where material has not this evident quality of resistance—the arts of music and of literature. Words, used, misused, fingered, ill-treated, misunderstood, lose their sharp outline, their clearness of composition, their colour and their gravity. They are the medium of slovenly speech as well as of the supremest art, and it is only too easy for a beginner in the art of literature to start out with but little sense of his material. The same thing is true, though not so true, of the pictorial arts, especially of drawing and water-colour painting. The material here is more present to the mind of the worker, but often suggests easiness rather than difficulty, in the rendering of effects. Now, if a painter, a poet or prose-writer has had some other work, it will, if he can use his experience, be of great value to him: for he will be less tempted to ignore the qualities of his material when he is writing or drawing. He will never forget that all great art, all true beauty grows out of a marriage between the artist and his material, is the result of a man's knowledge of and respect for the stuff in which he is working.

Of the value of a workman's training and of keeping a sense of material, the engravings of William Blake are an excellent example. It is too often forgotten, but Blake was first and last a workman. So much emphasis has been laid on his mysticism, his lyric genius, his astounding imaginative power, his keenness of spiritual vision, that we are in danger of forgetting that he had a hard, close training as an engraver under Basire; that he engraved much work of his own, and a great many designs for others, or that the series which remain his greatest achievement—the illustrations to the "Book of Job"—are a most splendid triumph of the engraver's art, may indeed be rated with the most beautiful plates of Albert Dürer. It is true of course that Blake would almost certainly have accomplished more supreme work even than he did had he been born in an age with a better standard of the art. Never was any man so out of his time as Blake; and the more I look at his work, represented magnificently in this handsome volume, and find in it, as everyone must, traces of the influence of his time upon him, the more I am convinced that had he lived in the days of the Renaissance, or even a hundred years later than he did, he would be recognised the world over as the greatest of all English artists in his particular arts. Even as it is, some of us would claim that no other English engraver, no other English painter has come nearer to the true business of art, to interpret the visible world in the terms of the invisible, and to place the things of time in the light of eternity. The technical defects of his faultier work are obvious enough; but they seem irrelevant beside the power of his imagination, the sheer force of his vision, or the exquisite tenderness of the lovelier passages in the "Songs of Innocence," the "Book of Thel," the designs for "Virgil," and some of the illustrations for the "Divine Commedia."

Mr. Binyon contributes to this book a complete catalogue of all Blake's engraved designs. He does not include the engravings done after other artists' work—four hundred and seventy-six in number. The purpose of his book differs from that of Mr. A. G. B. Renesch's excellent monograph as Mr. Binyon includes the designs which appeared in the "Prophets' Books." He has given a simple and extremely useful introduction, in which he only too rarely allows himself to indulge in æsthetic criticism. One passage of such criticism I must quote, as it puts the truth about Blake with the dignity we should expect from a poet.

* "The Engraved Designs of William Blake." By Laurence Binyon. £6 6s. (Benn.)

"'Jerusalem' is, with the 'Job,' the grandest of Blake's engraved work. His peculiar imagination is here at its most impressive. For what he had to say, the language of form, the language of light and dark, was more expressive than any words could be. And whatever the faults of the verse, the theme is grand and inspiring. We may not know what some of these images mean: even when they have been interpreted in the light of mystic ideas, they remain much more eloquent than the interpretation. They are sometimes, no doubt, images that appeared to Blake in waking vision, and were transcribed in perfect confidence that significance was in them, even if he could not himself explain it: for as he wrote on the title page of 'The Daughters of Albion,' 'The Eye sees more than the Heart knows.' And they wake in us emotions such as music, mysterious in its origin or effluence, awakes, because of the power with which the images are thrown upon the page. Never before had Blake made his forms so plastic. Except in certain figures the 'lay-figure' anatomy, the stereotyped attitudes, are forgotten; and the finer expressiveness is helped by the technique, though the designing in white on black seems to contradict Blake's passionately proclaimed precept of the 'ivory outline.'"

I cannot agree with Mr. Binyon when he finds a parallel to Blake in music. Blake's designs have at once a more imaginative emotion and a less intellectual appeal than has music. Great music has in it something cold, something far-off: it puts the high and difficult things away in a region where man can only be a visitor. Art such as Blake's on the other hand convinces those who love and apprehend it that man's true home is among these visions, that he is a citizen of that Jerusalem where Blake lived. How admirable however is the phrase "were transcribed in perfect confidence"! It is his "perfect confidence" which distinguishes Blake, whether as painter, poet, or engraver, from all other artists of his time, and puts him with the greatest artists of all time. I do not know that one could express more accurately the precise differentia of really great art than by that quality "perfect confidence." It is that which makes us instinctively align a song of Shakespeare's, a lyric of Heine's, the Sistine ceiling, the St. George of Donatello, an etching of Rembrandt's, an engraving of Dürer's, a drawing of Holbein's, a lyric or an engraving of Blake's. They belong to a world of certainty—not of conceit or pride—but to a world where a man is completely sure of what he sees, and is sure that what he sees is true.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

INDIANS AND WITCHES.*

Lives there a man with soul so dead that, were he asked who were the companions of his golden age, would not reply "Indians and Witches"? But is he so courageous that he can with a calmer gaze view these wonderful creatures in their exile and their exposure by kindly or eccentric interpreters? We have here an example of both. Let the Indians come first.

I

It is a matter of wonder that no adequate recognition has ever been made to the place of the Redskin in the imaginative background of our life and literature. Times have changed, and a new generation must find its own glamour to face its tribulations, but inseparably interwoven into the nineteenth century of England and America will abide the heroic and immutable Indian. He provided for us our ideals of stoicism, silence and tension. While we could play at Indians the real life of cities and cash was mercifully hidden from our knowledge. Through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the Red Indian—from the fierce Iroquois to the last stand of the Sioux—fought the white man's medicine with a courage, persistence and craft which has so immortalised his race that already in America they are turning to him as the romantic background upon which nations build their poetry and their prestige.

* "Indians of the Enchanted Desert." By Leo Crane. 21s. (Leonard Parsons.)—"The History of Witchcraft and Demonology." By Montague Summers. 12s. 6d. (Kegan Paul).

It is not common knowledge how sustained was the part the Indian played in the history of America. The Redskin not only formed a frontier for two hundred years, but actually influenced the trend of European history. During the Colonial period he allied himself with English and French in turn, and scalped both with splendid impartiality. During the final struggle he put up a last stand which, under Red Cloud, actually expelled the United States troops for several years, and under Gall, American Horse and Sitting Bull destroyed Custer and a regiment of American cavalry in the seventies. Great days. But the buffalo were annihilated, the land-grabbers pushed on, the Indians were starving, and in the Reservations the last chapter was opened. After that came, and is still coming, civilisation, and with it the Redskin is passing into the common mould.

In our romantic gallery of boyhood we have been familiar with pioneers, scouts, Texas Rangers, hostiles and cow-boys, but the Indian Agent we were taught to regard with suspicion and even contempt. He meant the end of the Wild West and that was against everything we treasured. The agent was henceforward to hand out store trousers and rations of beef to the inscrutable Sioux, the fierce Apache and the defiant Cherokee. No one can distribute Government pants and expect a poem in a quarterly. He may be a splendid and trustworthy fellow, but he is an official, and who of us with heart so dead as not to regard any official with indignation and hauteur.

One is wrong. As a matter of fact one is usually wrong. And yet in matters of romance the colour fades and vanishes under the glare of verity. As Mr. Leo Crane says in his delightful book, "Indians of the Enchanted Desert":

"Indian Agents! a much-maligned class of officials, although recognised as part of the National Government since 1796, clouded somewhat in their efforts by the memory—fact and fiction—of the 'ration' days. They might have spoken proudly of the traditions of their Service, a Service that has had little recognition and possesses no chronicle other than a dryasdust Annual Report compiled by unknowing clerks. The reason for these officials' existence has produced much sound and fury. The very title seems to have infuriated the ablest writers of the past, and still causes some of the present to see red. When sentimentalists—and God knows the ignorance of them is astounding—take pen in hand to picture the fabled glories and the believed miseries of the savage, they usually begin by attacking those very men I met and have in mind. They forget, if indeed they have ever known, that they are privileged to view the savage because of these men; that the miserable actualities of the 'glorious past' would long since have engulfed the idealised protégé but for them. Indian Agents may not vie with painters and poets; but tubes of colour, Strathmore board, dreams, and rhyming dictionaries produce small knowledge of tuberculosis, trachoma, smallpox, measles, syphilis—scourges of the Indian people, whose long train of evils reach grimly down through the generations of an ignorant and devitalised race. No one feels this so keenly as the official who daily faces the unromantic task, charged with the duty of alleviating the miseries of the present. Unlike the Spanish explorers, these men have no historian, and but for prejudice and libel would probably be unknown.

"Yet this one had succeeded to the task Custer left unfinished among the unrelenting Sioux; had checked a second rebellion; had faced and quelled and buried Sitting Bull, the last of the great savage charlatans. That one

had built a city in the pines to shelter the children of the murderer Geronimo; a third had tracked and mapped a region few civilised men had known. Now came one who had chained a river without an appropriation; now came another who had fought pestilence in winter, among a superstitious people, crippled by distances and lack of transport, without sufficient health officers, to learn in the end that his mortality records were lower than those of enlightened civilisation. Occasionally a fancied uprising brought one to unpleasant notice; occasionally, too, one was killed.

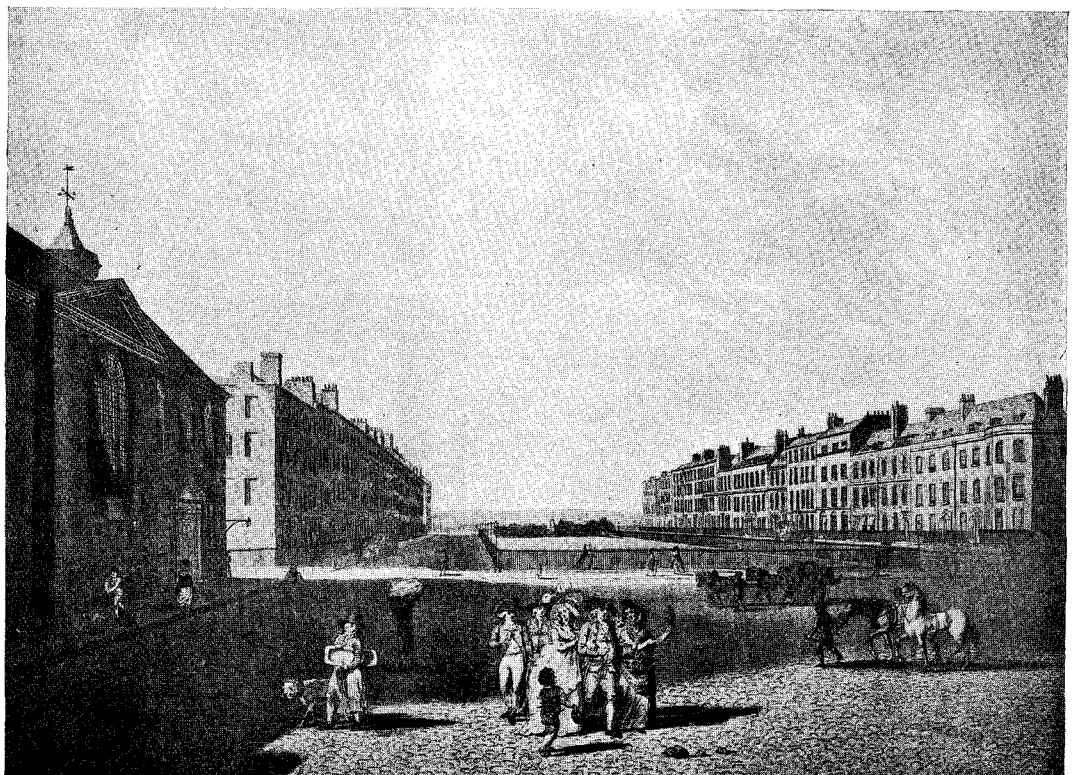
"These unromantic facts, having no camouflage of feathers and war paint, nothing in them of the beating of tomtoms or the chanting of legends, do not invite a sentimental record; and, it is true, few such things occur in the 'dude season,' when sentimentality, accompanied by its handmaiden ignorance, takes its neurasthenic outing in the wild."

Mr. Crane belongs to the type of official who in America, as in our own Colonies, makes history in lonely places. As an experienced colonel remarked to him when he left him amongst none too quiescent Indians: "Young man, you have an empire to control. Either rule it or pack your trunk." I gather Mr. Crane did not pack his trunk. This most charming, restrained and modest study of the Navajo and Hopi Indian proves that instead he won the trust and affection of the people under his charge. But he in his turn was won by the Painted Desert in which they lived. As a thoughtful and moving etcher of the characteristics of the Indian and the attitude of the Indian, Mr. Crane is remarkable, and his record of permanent value.

II

In these credulous days the witch is returning to her kingdom, broomstick and all. Only the old-fashioned can gather together and speak of the good old times when she was the backbone of the Christmas pantomime. In a few years she may descend upon us once again as she descended upon the Middle Ages, and the will to believe will once more have its most astonishing recrudescence.

To the hardened reviewer the subject of spiritualism must always cause embarrassment. One does not desire to ridicule. At the same time one has a right to inquire, and one's inquiries are so apt to strike the faithful as what our present author, Mr. Summers, would I am sure call "impertinent." But if I may speak with candour, this vast subject of witchcraft has not received proper justice, because it has been carefully avoided by the writer with the adequate historic qualifications, and the capacity to



Queen Square from the South, 1787.

From "Queen Square, its Neighbourhood and its Institutions," by Godfrey H. Hamilton (Leonard Parsons).

refuse the temptation of sceptical irony or religious emotion, both dangerous and fatal to this or any subject of inquiry. Leckie in a standard work, which Mr. Summers finds it convenient to dismiss as "inefficient," dealt a rationalistic blow more severe than the adherents of superstition could sustain. But he suffered from impatience! He simply could not credit the abyss of human credulity. Just as Michelet in "La Sorciere" (1862) gave to this old wives' tale a reality as glowing and passionate as "The Martyrdom of Man," so also he failed because the astounding delusion of Satan which produced the mediæval witch became too full of imagery in his hands.

The only recent contribution which is firmly established upon the historical method is "The Witch-Cult in Western Europe," by Miss M. A. Murray (1921). It is a model of restraint, lucidity and originality. It stands in pathetic isolation amongst the appalling rubbish-heap of the contributions to the subject of witchcraft.

Mr. Montague Summers, in the latest appeal for the supernatural explanation of necromancy, is at any rate energetic. He jeers at historians with both reputation and credentials, and plunges straightway into a prolonged appeal for a reaction to the mediæval faith in Satan. I hope that Professor Coulton will not miss this book. It will give him food for much quiet reflection.

"Only the trained theologian," remarks Mr. Summers, "can adequately treat the subject," and it is from what he calls the "orthodox" standpoint that he brackets witchcraft with heresy and the Sabbath with the actual presence of Anti-Christ. To him the witch was—and is—"An evil liver, a social pest and parasite, the devotee of a loathly and obscene creed; a member of a powerful secret organisation inimical to Church and State," and so on.

Let me emphasise the limits of Mr. Summers's historical credulity:

"In connection with the close correlation between witchcraft and heresy there is a very remarkable fact, the significance of which has—so far as I am aware—never been noted. The full fury of persecution burst over England during the first half of the seventeenth century, that is to say, shortly after the era of a great religious upheaval, when the work of rehabilitation and recovery so nobly initiated by Queen Mary I had been wrecked owing to the pride, lust and baseness of her sister."

That is pretty rich, but it is nothing to Mr. Summers's attitude towards the legends of witchcraft. He believes in rematerialisation of the dead in the form of ectoplasm—a simple solution of many nightmares of the Sabbats. He believes that Satan was actually present in person in the bewildering comment: "But in many instances it is certain—and orthodoxy forbids us to doubt the possibility—that the Principle of Evil, incarnate, was present for the hideous adoration of his besotted worshippers"! And adds: "Metaphysically it is possible; historically it is indisputable."

How is it possible to regard Mr. Summers seriously? If it is orthodox according to theology to believe in the actual presence of Satan, tail and all—at what point can the historian intrude? But how much farther away—cowering in the outer darkness—is the miserable reviewer whose meagre hair is rising at every new evidence of the renaissance of the hobgoblins he has relegated to infancy?

FREDERICK WATSON.

THE ROMANCE OF MODERN LIFE.*

The first on my list¹ is a very pleasant story of three very pleasant people. It is a modern novel in the sense that the characters as well as the setting are modern, but the "Three People" who give the book its title are as fresh and wholesome as the air they breathe, and are a pleasant change from many people we have met lately in fiction.

*¹ "Three People." By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—² "The White in the Black." By Maria E. Albanesi. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—³ "First Fiddle." By Jean Greig. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—⁴ "Mareeya." By E. Tait-Reid. 6s. (Heffer.)

Gyp and her brother Ronnie had brought themselves (or each other) up, because Aunt Titia, quite an amiable and agreeable aunt, could not be bothered to do it. On the whole they succeeded. Gyp at twenty-six, slim and tall with short-cut hair, is modern only in appearance. She wears jumper suits and (although that is not mentioned) no doubt the skirt in which she climbed the mountains was to her knees, but under her modern clothes she was as romantic as her mother and, for a young lady of twenty-six who had resisted many lovers, she fell in love almost too easily. Perhaps that was the Swiss air and the atmosphere of Leysin, which is very well described. Gyp loves the mountains and the snow and the clear fresh air and all growing things, and Max Grey loves these things too. Ronnie, the brother to whom Gyp is so devoted (and the third of Three People), is a little less real a character perhaps than the others. And would he, being a soldier, have had quite such a hatred for the Germans? However we forgive Ronnie many things as his sister did, and we are sorry to say good-bye to them all.

Madame Albanesi can be relied upon for a good story well told, and with again plenty of romance in a modern setting. Some people may scoff at these stories, calling them old-fashioned, but both Gyp and Una in "The White in the Black"² are far more real pictures of the girl of 1926 than is the exaggerated modern girl who is so popular in fiction. I doubt indeed if that young lady exists at all except in fiction. Una Corderan is as natural, as feminine, as Gyp, and like Gyp she has courage and has need of that courage. She sets out to earn her living as a governess and fails, although she makes the children love her, and someone else besides the children. We knew from the very first chapter that Sir Nicholas Mynter, Lady Mynter's stepson, is the Prince, and that although at first Una turns a cold face to him, all will come well between them. So this is an old-fashioned tale after all, for Una is no successful business woman or professional woman with the world at her feet, but only a girl who goes out to work from an unhappy home, and fails as a worker although she succeeds as a woman. Una's father, Julius Corderan, is one of the most interesting characters in the book—"courtly, handsome," successful, and entirely selfish and irresponsible. We are not sure that we are as patient with him as Una was. And is the artistic gift an excuse or a reason for general unsatisfactoriness in a husband? If one is to judge by the artist and musician in fiction, no young woman should marry a man who is either of these things.

Irene in "First Fiddle,"³ by Jean Greig, seems the last woman who should have married a musician who lived only for his music; yet it seemed at first that George Lucas's second marriage was going to disprove that. We have a feeling that our sympathy is not meant to be with Irene, but she has it all the same, although we never came really to like her.

There is a freshness that suggests wide spaces, great winds and clear air about Alix who tells the story in "Mareeya."⁴ Alix comes from New Zealand to one of the women's colleges at Cambridge, and her description of life there is one of the best things in the book. With all Mareeya's attractiveness, we can sympathise with Alix's mother and feel sometimes that her children were hardly fair to her. But Alix as a sister and a friend was loyal to the end, and we are glad that for her the story ended happily.

PAMELA HINKSON.

CABINETS AND FIELDS.*

In "Governments and War" Sir Frederick Maurice's task is to endeavour to assess the co-ordination which should exist between policy and strategy, or in other words to define the ideal relations between statesman and soldier. He has gone back to the American Civil War from which

* "Governments and War." By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B. (Heinemann.)—"British Battles of Destiny." By Boyd Cable. (Nelson.)

to deduce lessons for the future, both because he believes that we are too close to the Great War to be clear of the fogs of controversy, and also because of a certain similarity in the broad lines of the problems of the Civil War and of the late struggle. We must frankly state that in our opinion such alleged similarity seems to be unduly stressed. The parallel lines do exist, but they are few and short; the divergent ones are many in number and of infinite length. To take but one instance of the latter, although in the American Civil War the area of the theatre of war ran into millions of square miles, the capitals of North and South were little more than a hundred miles apart, and one of them was most awkwardly situated almost on the frontier. The possession of Washington and Richmond was constantly sought by the armies of the South and North respectively. This fact exerted an influence upon the policy of the Civil War which for many months at least reacted upon, if indeed it did not dominate, the strategy of either opponent. No real comparison is here to be found with the Great War.

General Maurice freely admits that the Power which on entering war strikes first and strikes quickly obtains great military advantages. He qualifies this by saying that if these advantages are purchased at the price of political dissension at home they may, they probably will, be found to have cost too much. From this he proceeds to the curious statement:

"I am unable to see that if the British Expeditionary Force had appeared at Mons three days earlier than it did, the military situation would have been materially altered in our favour. . . . It is indeed not impossible that, if an earlier arrival had caused us to advance farther into Belgium, it might have made our situation more perilous than in fact it was."

We cannot agree to the inference that if England had mobilised simultaneously with France, i.e. on August 1st, "political dissension" at home would have ensued. On the contrary we share the opinion of a very large number of people that, if England had shown her hand a few days earlier than she did, the violation of Belgium might never have taken place at all. And as regards the danger which General Maurice considers might have been caused by a further advance into Belgium, we must point out that he omits the most important point, namely that the British Expeditionary Force at Mons consisted of but four instead of the six divisions actually available. Policy here so interfered with strategy as to diminish the striking force by thirty per cent; and so clogged efficiency that when the first of the two missing divisions took the field, just in time for Le Cateau, it was so lacking in essentials as to be shorn of much of its value.

The author is quite correct in his assertion that Lincoln learnt from experience, and that this enabled the President to establish relations with Grant which approached very near the ideal which should exist between the statesman and soldier. This leads him to an examination of the question whether such satisfactory relations cannot be worked out in peace instead of being improvised at a comparatively late stage during a war. The pressing need is a Great Headquarters for the Empire. General Maurice pleads that just as the plans of mobilisation of fleets and armies are worked out in peace, so the plans for the creation of a Great Headquarters, which is to control policy and strategy, should be prepared beforehand. Sir Frederick looks askance however at a Ministry of Defence, and is inclined to favour the ultimate co-ordination and control by the Prime Minister, a workable arrangement of course if every Prime Minister were a Lincoln and every commander-in-chief were a Grant. Whether we agree with General Maurice's arguments or not, we are at any rate grateful for a book which confirms his reputation as the leading military writer of to-day.

Mr. Boyd Cable is one of those fortunate writers who



Lionel told about Pirates.

From "Memoirs of a Child," by Basil Macdonald Hastings (Philpot).
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

combine the power of facile narrative with the ability to insert all necessary and technical details in such a manner as in no way to interfere with the story. He has now given us a book of British battles, describing not only the engagements themselves, but showing the causes which led up to them and the issues which depended on them. His selection is well made and is limited to a dozen, those which he shares with Creasy being Hastings, the Spanish Armada, Blenheim and Waterloo. We could wish however that Mr. Cable had "thought imperially" to a greater extent, for we almost owe him a grudge for omitting Quebec and Plassey, two battles which were certainly "of destiny"; and there is no writer who could make more of them than Mr. Cable. *Damme, 1213*, is an unexpected find, but the author makes out a good cause for its inclusion, although we cannot agree that it was this battle which began our policy of sea-power—namely making our navy our first line of defence. The sailors will say with Captain Corcoran, "Why, damme, it's too bad," and point, and justly so, to Alfred the Great. This is an excellent book, and both books reviewed in this page are distinctly books to buy.

F. E. WHITTON (Lieut.-Col.).

A JOURNALIST'S MEMORIES.*

The recent death of Harold Spender at a comparatively early age was a great loss not only to a host of personal friends in England and America, but to sober and honest journalism; and his passing is the more to be regretted because, as Mr. F. S. Marvin tells us in a foreword to the volume before us, he was "still quite young, though he humorously craved the privileges of old age for sixty. He had still within him the founts of many priceless things which we associate with youth—the passion to right the wrongs of

* "The Fire of Life: A Book of Memories." By Harold Spender. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

the world and make peace and goodwill prevail, the readiness to undertake fresh adventures, above all a profound but quite simple love and sympathy with the young." Summarising Spender's character, Mr. Marvin describes him as "one of the best, perhaps the most typical of that generation of Oxford men who went into active life at the end of the eighties, inspired by the humanitarian zeal for which Arnold Toynbee and Canon Barnett were then the most conspicuous prophets." He was a journalist "proud of his craft, and with high and on the whole practicable ideals of its functions."

In their grief at his loss Spender's friends will at least rejoice that he lived to complete a book of memories. As a busy journalist for forty years, he saw a great deal of life, and his native sociability brought him still more intimately into contact with the great personalities of his time. He first saw the light in Bath, his father being a doctor and his mother a prolific writer of novels. He was born, he tells us, "into printer's ink," for besides having a literary parent, he boasted two uncles, William Saunders and Edward Spender, who were well-known London journalists. It was through their influence that, after leaving Oxford, Spender secured a position on the *Echo*, under Passmore Edwards. In those days young men from Oxford were not popular with editors, and Spender, with his zeal for reform, was humiliated by being given responsibility for the "funny" column. Passmore Edwards was indeed a hard taskmaster, and many humorous anecdotes are here told of him as well as of journalistic conditions in general in pre-telephone days. Looking back after many years, however, Spender could feel grateful towards his first employer. "Passmore Edwards," he writes, "saved me from narrowness. He gave me a wide experience: and little help. He trained me to think out my own subjects. He limited me in space. He broke my wayward spirit after that browse in the meadows of the Isis. He saved me from becoming an idle apprentice." The press is indeed a stern mistress, and it is well for the journalist that he should bear the yoke in his youth.

By 1891 Passmore Edwards had "fully emptied" Spender's brains, and the two men parted company. After a brief period on the *Pall Mall Gazette* under E. T. Cook and an interim of lecturing for the new University Extension Movement, Spender helped to found the *Westminster Gazette*, for which he became Parliamentary Sketch writer, working in close association with F. C. Gould. From that time onwards his career was one of indefatigable industry—of writing, social reform, travel and lecturing. His memories cover an extremely wide range, and it will depend largely upon temperament whether the reader is most interested in the author's accounts of slum work in the East End, of the pro-Boer campaign in which he played a notable part, of his experiences of the Irish Rebellion and the Great War, or of his subsequent lecture tour in the United States.

Of public men we are given many new and more than usually intimate stories. A passionate Free Liberal to the end, Spender's political bias made him perhaps a little unfair towards Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and a trifle too lenient towards Mr. Lloyd George, though it may after all be but our own bias that leads us to this opinion! But whether they agree with his verdicts or not, all readers will find the author's character studies remarkably fresh and independent in judgment, and consequently of more than common interest. Among his literary acquaintances, Spender, who was one of his earliest reviewers for *THE BOOKMAN*, pays high tribute to Robertson Nicoll, since whose death Fleet Street has not produced "a man so versatile, so fiery, so incisive in power of speech, and so rich in varied output."

In his final chapter Spender considers the journalistic tendencies of the age. He deplores the modern craze for smartness and snappiness, and predicts that the failure of the present-day newspaper to supply adequate comment on public affairs will lead in England, as it already has done in America, to a revival of the magazine. Looking further ahead, however, he does not despair of the

newspaper, but expresses the confident hope that a general spread of sounder education will eventually guarantee a return of journalistic dignity, sobriety and independence.

GILBERT THOMAS.

TRANSLATIONS AND TOMFOOLERIES.*

The most considerable part of this book is the translation of Siegfried Trebitsch's "Frau Gitta's Sühne (Jitta's Atonement)," an act of friendship performed by Mr. Shaw in return for like services rendered by the Austrian dramatist to himself. Long ago, when Mr. Shaw was still caviare to ourselves, Herr Trebitsch insisted on translating him: "And the result was that I presently found myself a successful and respected playwright in the German language whilst the English critics were still explaining laboriously that my plays were not plays, and urging me, in the kindest spirit, to cease my vain efforts to enter a profession for which Nature had utterly unfitted me." Mr. Shaw goes on to explain that he has had to adapt as well as translate the play, his friend's public in Vienna being "still romantic in the manner of Verdi's operas, and modern in the manner of De Maupassant and Baudelaire. . . . Add to this that Vienna has never weaned itself from the sweet milk of eighteenth century art. . . ." Well, one must take all this for granted, not having read the original. From the English text one could not possibly infer so wide a chasm between Herr Trebitsch and the modern drama we know. So that one has to make one's choice of two conclusions: either that Mr. Shaw's "translator's treacheries" are tantamount to complete re-creation, or that Herr Trebitsch is in fact much more at home in the company of Houghton, Barker, Brieux and G. B. S. himself than Mr. Shaw perceives. To me the second conclusion seems untenable: the translator, if anyone, should know to what type his original belongs. As for the first, Mr. Shaw himself admits that "it was not by any process known to men of learning, but rather by some telepathic method of absorption, that I managed at last to divine, infer, guess and co-invent the story of Jitta." He confesses also that Herr Trebitsch said: "You have made my last act almost a comedy." Yet he protests that the author "tolerates my variations, which affect, not the story itself, but only the key in which it ends." Maybe the truth is that a dramatist, who entrusts himself to so original a genius as Mr. Shaw's, must be prepared for deeper changes than either he anticipates or Mr. Shaw is aware of. Be that as it may, "Jitta's Atonement" is an exceedingly interesting piece of work, for which our best thanks are due to both authors.

The remaining "tomfooleries" are occasional pieces, which Mr. Shaw can now afford to reveal to the curious without impairing his fame. Two—"Press Cuttings" and "The Admirable Bashville"—have been published before. The rest, though known to index-writers, will be new to the larger public. The author sufficiently accounts for them in a preface which one could wish longer:

"Irresponsible laughter is salutary in small quantities. One throws off these things as Beethoven threw off a few bagatelles, and Mozart a few senseless bravura pieces for friends who were violinists. Besides, tomfoolery is as classic as tragedy. High comedy seldom achieves a whole act without revealing traces of its origin in the altercations and topical discussions of the circus clown with the ringmaster. . . . I do not mean that their words are utterly void of wit and wisdom, or their figures characterless; for this kind of work would be unbearable if it added deficiency to folly. I mean just what I say: they are tomfooleries."

From this we must except the tragedietta, "The Glimpse of Reality." Mr. Shaw makes no claim for it, save in so much as he refers to it as a "trifle" as distinct from the other "tomfooleries." It is a piece of rapier-dialectic in his most brilliant manner—cold, hard, emotionless, a faultless little gem of a thing. So far, a trifle, as the author protests. Yet at the end, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, we glimpse something more: just a flash

* "Translations and Tomfooleries." By Bernard Shaw. 6s. (Constable.)

of the spiritual and mystic Shaw, who made Peter Keegan, Blanco, bits of Androcles, and the end of "St. Joan." The young blood Ferruccio has just been faced with death, from grim antagonists against whom neither his high rank, nor physical strength, nor romancing, nor wealth, nor promises can help him at all. And his eyes are opened.

"There is nothing like a good look into the face of death: close up: right on you: for showing you how little you really believe and how little you really are. A priest said to me once: 'In your last hour everything will fall away from you except your religion.' But I have lived through my last hour; and my religion was the first thing that fell away from me. When I was forced at last to believe in grim death I knew at last what belief was, and that I had never believed in anything before. . . . When I believe in everything that is real as I believed for that moment in death, then I shall be a man at last. I have tasted the water of life from the cup of death; and it may be now that my real life began with this (he holds up the rosary) and will end with the triple crown or the heretic's fire: I care not which. (Springing to his feet) Come out, then, dog of a bandit, and fight a man who has found his soul!"

I submit that in this passage Mr. Shaw forgot himself—forgot his title, the trifling or tomfool nature of his immediate task, the key in which the rest of this particular play was being written. The passage slips out unawares, direct from that deeper consciousness whence his best work springs: instinct with his own philosophy of the art and duty of life as something to be "lived more abundantly." It is right out of key with all the rest of the book: an artistic "howler": a little lost sheep of a passage, over which good Shavians will rejoice more than over all the ninety and nine that went not astray from tomfoolery.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

A. C. BENSON.*

A. C. Benson's "Diary," when it appeared some weeks ago, was regarded by the press as having "news" value. It was so widely and promptly reviewed, and quotations from it were so numerous that it is not necessary for us to dwell upon the extraordinary facility and industry that enabled Benson, in the midst of all his academic, literary and other activities, to write, during the latter half of his life, a diary running to 4,000,000 words! From this "leviathan" work Mr. Percy Lubbock, who throughout the period was Benson's closest confidant, has edited a

* "The Diary of Arthur Christopher Benson." Edited by Percy Lubbock. 24s. (Hutchinson.)

volume of three hundred pages, with an admirable introduction and such notes and connecting commentary as he deemed necessary to set clearly before us the course of Benson's life and to correct the sometimes false impressions of himself which, in his opinion, the diarist gives us. The result is a book that has the combined charm of biography and autobiography.

The point upon which most of the reviewers have concentrated is the apparently dual nature of Benson—the discrepancy between the gentle, meditative author of "Beside Still Waters" and "The Upton Letters" and

the Benson who was known to his personal friends as a man of the world, a gay and frequently caustic companion. And indeed, to a superficial view, the contrast was sufficiently striking. I recall vividly my first meeting with Benson in the flesh. At the age of about twenty, I was myself one of the "shy young men" whom, Mr. Lubbock tells us, the Master of Magdalene delighted to ask to lunch with him. Knowing Benson only from his books, I expected to find him a small, mild, and kindly man, instead of which I was welcomed by a tall, robust, vivacious individual in tweeds, who gave the impression of having just returned from a morning's shooting. Kindly indeed Benson was, but his kindness was incidental rather than characteristic. Energy, alertness, curiosity, and humour not of the quiet kind, but with a "bite" in it: these were the qualities most apparent in him. I remember the way in which he waived aside references to his books, telling me

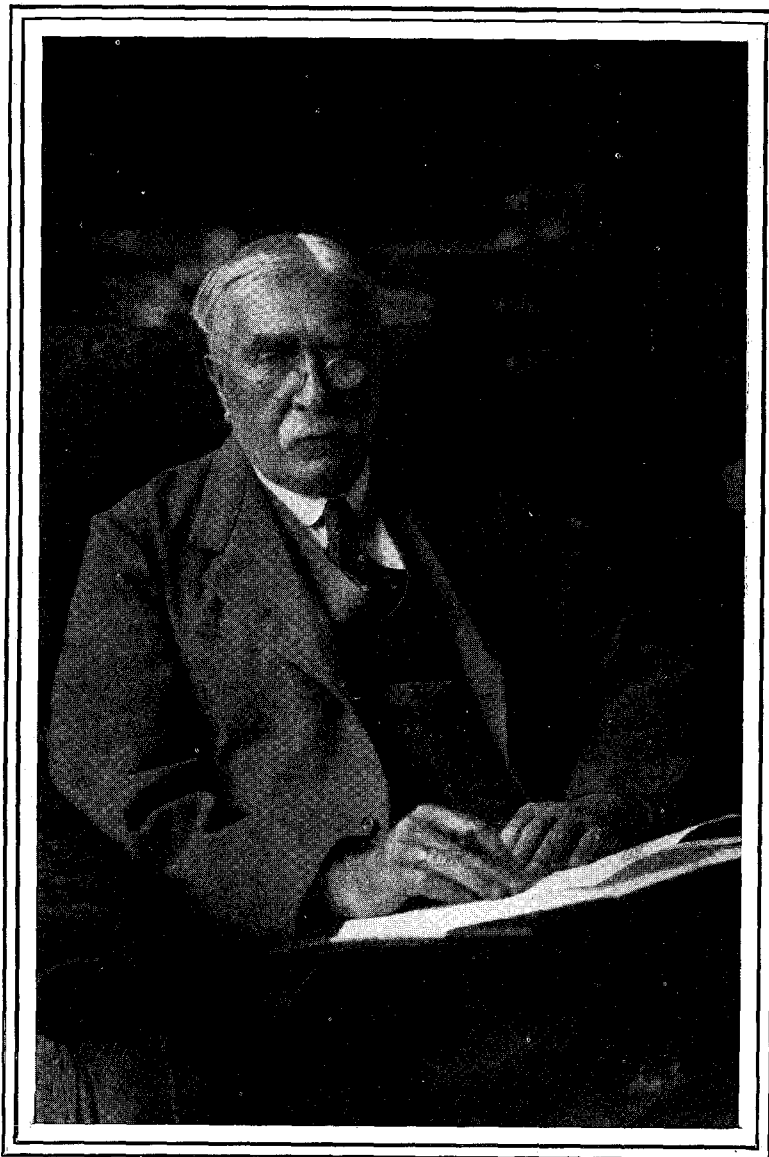


Photo by Cambridge Studio.

A. C. Benson, 1923.

From "The Diary of Arthur Christopher Benson" (Hutchinson).

that his best friends did not read his writings unless it was to laugh at them. This appears to have been no exaggeration. Benson had two sets of admirers between whom an impassable gulf was fixed. Firstly, there were "the maiden aunts" for whom he wrote "timid and chatty articles." He was, in his own words, "the beloved author of a feminine tea-party kind of audience, the mild and low-spirited people who would like to think the world a finer place than they have any reason for doing." Then there was his circle of personal friends—including some literary men like Sir Edmund Gosse, but consisting mainly of schoolmasters, dons, boys, and undergraduates—who found in Benson the man the apparent antithesis of all that is "mild and low-spirited." To his intimates Benson, save in those periods of neurasthenia that would leave him as suddenly as they came, was seemingly the soul of active and eager enjoyment, and they revelled especially in those little flippancies, acridities and pungencies that were as

conspicuously a feature of his conversation as they were absent from his writings. Some of these pungencies find their way into his "Diary." Queen Victoria for example is described as looking "very old, heavy, melancholy, and almost purple in complexion. But she is a gallant old thing." Dr. Warre, Headmaster of Eton, tells Benson one day that after writing a few pages of a sermon "a horror came over him and he struck it all out." "I don't wonder," is the diarist's commentary. Chamberlain, seen at the Athenæum, is "incredibly perky and hard, ploughing the air with his sharp nose and glassy eye," and "occasionally snapping food like a turtle." Benson could indeed admirably suggest a portrait in a few terse and tart phrases, and when at the end of a night's fellowship and festivity in his study the company had departed and the lights were put out, none even of Benson's intimates, with the sole exception of Henry James, escaped, in the pages of his diary, some thrust of critical satire. Nor, for that matter, did the diarist spare himself. "I seem to be very idle and self-centred," he writes in one place, "and to have no particular work. . . . I am sadly conscious of vagueness, cowardice, idleness, meanness, self-indulgence, and other ugly things. I want the honour without the work. I have a very vulgar and shallow soul, but I don't see how to mend that."

Such was the self-depreciation to which Benson was recurrently subject. He grossly exaggerated, of course, his ineffectuality. Yet, in spite of his astonishing and varied activity and his palpable success from a worldly point of view, there remains about his career an air of frustration, which is explained by the nervous restlessness and vein of melancholy that were part of his inheritance. "I can't rest in the beauty I see so easily. I seem to note it, to say 'that is beautiful,' and then it is over." Benson, indeed, longed above all things for beauty and repose. But he was too restless for them to have a chance of really soaking in; and there, surely, lies the secret of the comparative "tameness" and "superficiality" of his writings.

Well, "not on the vulgar mass called work shall sentence pass." If, in his own words, Benson never attained "the kind of success in literature" that he craved, at all events he led a full and eager life; and he is remembered with affectionate gratitude by countless pupils, friends and admirers.

GILBERT THOMAS.

NOEL DOUGLAS REPLICAS.*

The two volumes recently issued of Mr. Noel Douglas's Replicas are a distinct addition to that very interesting series. At a moderate cost may now be procured replicas of Milton's "Poems" of 1645, and of Collins's "Odes" of 1747, reproduced from copies in the British Museum. The books furnish an apt contrast. The one bears upon it all the refinement and culture of a period when art and religion flourished, for a short period, under the White King. The other is representative of that eighteenth century which possessed every gift, save only the supreme grace of poetry, and the ardour of romantic mysticism. Again, Milton—with Chaucer—is the sanest of our poets. Indeed he pushed sanity to such an extreme as to compose a treatise on the necessity of divorce when upon his honeymoon; whilst Collins's brilliant mind was bemused with melancholy during his later years.

The "Poems" of Milton comprise "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," "At a Solemn Music," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso" and "Lycidas." There are others, and all are included under the generic title of "Minor Poems." Since these must be considered as minor, we realise sharply the quality of the poet's masterpieces. These poems were composed with conscious—almost self-conscious—consecration, during Milton's early manhood, in a hidden village in Bucks. Nothing so fine of their kind had

* "John Milton, Minor Poems." 250 copies, £1 11s. 6d.; Ordinary 6s.—"William Collins, Odes." Limited edition, £1 1s.; Ordinary 4s. (Noel Douglas.)

appeared previously in English, and we have had very little of the same value since. Collins was steeped in these poems, and took them as a model. In his "Odes" he eulogises Milton by name, and pays him the compliment of plagiarism. It would be interesting to know what Dr. Johnson—who admired and esteemed Collins—thought of this discipleship.

It is to be hoped that many have given copies of Milton's "Poems" as seasonable gifts, for a book containing "The Morning of Christ's Nativity" makes an ideal Christmas present for the fitting recipient.

EUGENE MASON.

"SAINTS IN SUSSEX."*

"The angels keep their ancient places," says Francis Thompson; and the same is true, for Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, of the saints. In this new volume of poems she writes of the holy figures that still vitally illuminate for her the Sussex country-side. The saints belong not merely to history or legend; their influence is still active, their presence still to be felt:

"St. Peter sits on Caburn Hill,
St. Paul sits high on Beacon Down,
And there, each side of Wakeland's Mill,
They guard the way to Lewes Town:
They hold the Sword and Keys in state—
Our bands are loosed, our sins forgiven—
They sit there guarding Lewes Gate
As they would guard the Gate to Heaven."

In this mystical mood Miss Kaye-Smith sees the Sussex lanes and hills and towns everywhere peopled with familiar figures—here the erring Mary, there Wilfred or Richard or Dunstan. In still more fanciful moments she pictures Matthew the Publican sitting at the gate of September, "counting the gold of the passing and vanishing year," or the glory of a spring morning celebrating the feast of St. Philip and St. James.

In addition to the poems the book contains two plays, in which the main dramas of Christianity are re-enacted in modern times and with a Sussex setting. Here again the moral would seem to be that true faith is not merely belief in something that once was, but in something that is spiritually for ever renewing itself. In "The Child Born at the Plough" we are presented with a Nativity play in four scenes. Christ is born at a Sussex inn. Herod appears in the form of the local squire, married to a wealthy American lady; Salome is the most vulgar of up-to-date young madams; Caiaphas is an Archdeacon; the three wise men come from Oxford and Cambridge; while David, Abraham, Moses, Isaiah and others are among the gipsy tribe which, unlike the polite world, welcomes the Holy Child. Similarly, in the Passion Play, Christ is represented as a Sussex shepherd, Judas as a country yokel, Caiaphas again as an Archdeacon, and Pontius Pilate as the Mayor of Rye. With the symbolism of the plays there can be no quarrel; nor can their cleverness or their essential reverence be questioned. The one possible criticism is that the satire is a little too blunt. Its modernism is a trifle too blatant; and consequently it does not blend artistically with the many passages of quiet beauty and pathos.

At her best, however, Miss Kaye-Smith is certainly an authentic poet, as witness these stanzas of her "Pentecost":

"Dear Heart of the Eternal Rose—
O Many-coloured Heart of Fire—
That in our Lord's green garden grows,
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire. . . .

"O Wind, down heaven's long lanes ablow,
Warm, perfume-laden Breath of Love,
O Sweetness, on our hearts bestow
Thy blessed unction from above.

"O Sun, in the mild skies ashine,
O Moon, bewitching all the night,
These dark and groping ways of mine
Enable with perpetual light. . . .

* "Saints in Sussex." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

"O Sun, O Wind, O Flower, O Fire! . . .
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire!"

There, at any rate, nature, religion and poetry have found true at-one-ment.

A PAIR OF BEAUTIES.*

Once upon a time W. S. Gilbert was watching a rehearsal of one of his Savoy operas, and noticed that, standing at the side of the stage, a girl was crying. He asked what was the matter. "The stage-manager lost his temper with me, and was very rude," she explained. "He said I was no better than I should be." "Well," said Gilbert soothingly, "you are, my dear, aren't you?" The biography of the "lively" Lady Townshend and the reminiscences of the Comtesse de Mercy-Argenteau recall this story; they do not seem to have been very bad, even if they were not very good.

Ethelreda, the daughter and heiress of Edward Harrison, of Balls Park, Herts, married, at the age of fifteen, Lord Lynn, the eldest son of the distinguished minister of George I, Charles, second Viscount Townshend, who was eight years her senior. Lynn was a Lord of the Bedchamber to George I, and so, owing to the bitter quarrel between father and son, his young wife had to endure the boredom of the Court, while her heart pined for the scandalous gaieties of Leicester House, where the Prince of Wales rioted. She had to put up with the Schulenberg and the Kielmansegge, while she conjured up the jokes and pranks of Mollie Lepel, Mary Bellenden, Sophia Howe and the rest. And anyhow the husband was a surly, ill-conditioned fellow. Also he was openly unfaithful. But the main point of disagreement was that he liked a country life and was happiest on his Norfolk estate, and that she wanted metropolitan gaieties. After eighteen years of married life, in 1741 they separated. Lynn, who had succeeded to the viscountcy in 1738, survived to 1764; his wife outlived him by no less than twenty-four years. The story of Lady Townshend, her wit, her eccentricities and her friends male and female, is but a part of Mr. Erroll Sherson's interesting volume; he writes at length, and with knowledge, on "the daily round of a lady of fashion, on diversions of persons of quality in London out of doors and indoors, of such folk at country spas, holding up the great world of the eighteenth century to the mirror."

Lady Townshend was for a period a shining light in English society; the Countess de Mercy-Argenteau flourished politically as well as socially at the close of the Second Empire. If we may judge from the portrait by Winterhalter, she was indeed a superlatively beautiful woman. Herself a Princesse de Caraman-Chimay, and her husband a member of a noble house, the couple attached themselves to the Court of Napoleon III. There can be little doubt that she was the mistress of Napoleon; but it is only fair to state that she categorically denied it in so many words. If this denial is truthful, the amount of trouble she took to compromise herself is almost incredible. One example may be given:

"From the first rendezvous I had with the Emperor I had the impression that I could not receive him in my room, where we were unable to speak aloud and where the possibility of his being discovered placed him in a situation incompatible with his dignity. But if I was to visit him in the sacristy, there was a danger of people knocking at my door without receiving an answer. I began, therefore, by giving an order that when I was in that particular room I was on no account to be disturbed. The next question was how to manage my husband. I pretended that his smoking made me suffer from headaches. He had so many engagements that he remained home only when he felt tired, and then he used to retire early to his apartment. However, I was far from feeling at ease. I did not conceal my uneasiness from the Emperor, and he found a simple and ingenious way to arrange that matter."

The Emperor's "way" was to install a series of wavering bells.

* "The Lively Lady Townshend and Her Friends." By Erroll Sherson. 15s. (Heinemann.)—"The Last Love of an Emperor." Reminiscences of the Comtesse Louis de Mercy-Argenteau." Edited by the Comtesse de Montrigand. 12s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Countess visited Napoleon in his captivity at Wilhelmshöhe at his express command, and there His Majesty became highly confidential about vital matters of state. He sent her as an informal ambassador to Wilhelm, who received her, but Bismarck saw to it that the business was done by himself. The story of the interview between her and the Chancellor is interesting, even if in part it is perhaps not entirely reliable. The Countess got her way for the better treatment of French prisoners. Bismarck however would not even entertain the idea of Napoleon of negotiating with a Court of Regency in the interest of the Prince Imperial—the Napoleon dynasty must go for ever and a republic be set up; but the Countess claims credit for certain concessions. This is the most interesting part of the reminiscences, and it would be a shame to abridge it.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

DOOMSDAY.*

In spite of exceptions which only go to prove the rule, the main business of the novelist is to tell a story. For the purposes of broad classification, novels are divided into those that one reads at a sitting and those that one sets aside because something more pressing is waiting to be done. The first book has a story to tell, the second has other qualities which its author has put forward as equally attractive. One says nothing here about the means of telling the story. The point for emphasis is that a tale must be there to be told.

Using such a test, Warwick Deeping comes out well. "Sorrell and Son" was an achievement—the kind of book that one remembers though in one's reading half a hundred novels have since intervened—and "Doomsday" is in some ways a finer story. When so many bloodless, mind-wandering novels are about, here is a tale of one man and one girl, then of two men and two girls, then, later still, of one man and one girl again, so set out that what concerns the characters concerns us for the moment to the exclusion of other interests. A corner in Sussex, on which a dozen bungalows have sprung up as homes for the new poor, one of them housing a girl who is in revolt against the tyranny of trifles which make up her working day; near-by, Doomsday Farm, linked with the Elizabethans by its

* "Doomsday." By Warwick Deeping. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)



Mr. Warwick Deeping.

stone mullions and brick chimneys, where a man is fighting, single-handed, to conquer the soil—these are the main scenes and characters of the book. What is difficult to describe is the atmosphere with which Mr. Deeping surrounds them and the significance he gets out of the atmosphere he creates. In the final resort, novels that are worth reading are divided into two classes: books that one must read some time, and books that one must read now. Mr. Deeping is not among those, so to speak, that can wait until doomsday.

M. A. S.

AN AMERICAN CRITIC.*

Mr. Joseph Warren Beach is more generally known in the United States than he is on this side the Atlantic, and "The Outlook for American Prose" is not particularly helpful to those English readers who have had flying rumours of his fame and are desirous of making his acquaintance. The book is a collection of papers gathered mainly from periodicals, chatty, discursive and without any central theme such as that which is suggested by the title. Only with an effort are we able to dig out sufficient material to justify the use of such a title at all. His interpretation of present tendencies is, however, original and interesting in spite of its scrappiness, for he turns away from all the men of established reputation in his endeavour to find the last hope for American literature, and points with an admirable lack of hesitation to Mr. Alfred Kreymsbourg.

This independence of attitude is a consistent one, and when Mr. Beach comes to consider the contemporary writers of England his judgments are refreshingly severe. He does not allow himself for example to be misled by their great popularity in his own country about the merits of such novelists as Mr. Swinnerton and Mr. Walpole. In his opinion—and he gives reasons for it—"The Three Lovers" and "The Cathedral" are merely "hackwork, turned out by the yard—the sort of thing they do in Hollywood and Carmel-by-the-Sea." He is especially condemnatory of slovenly writing:

"Does Mr. Walpole know how often, in his wish to make us realise the suffering of his characters, he uses the words 'horrible' and 'horror,' 'terrible' and 'terribly,' 'desperate' and 'desperately'? Does either he or Mr. Swinnerton realise how often, in the effort to make us jump with their characters, they jab us with the words 'sudden' and 'suddenly,' until we grow hard skin at that sensitive spot? 'Suddenly an absurd fancy seized her. . . . Then suddenly it overcame her. . . . He suddenly smiled. . . . She suddenly realised. . . . He burst out suddenly, starting up in his chair. . . . He turned, looking at her. Then suddenly he put his arms around her and kissed her.' All in less than two pages."

These are very ephemeral comments, though, on merely ephemeral literature, and Mr. Beach will do well to employ his patent critical gift in future on things that give the thoughtful student serious concern.

THOMAS MOULT.

NEW POETRY.†

Mr. Vansittart's "Tribute"¹ will not win the popular suffrages. His poetry, like his prose, is oddly distinguished. It is not for those who run, to read. He exacts a reading from his peers. Those who love the *curiosa felicitas*, the speculations and imaginings of an aloof and ingenious mind, will delight in "Tribute." Like his earlier book, "The Singing Caravan," it has whimsicality, grace, wisdom and vision of a most uncommon mind, and like that poem, it indulges in strange and delightful metres. Mr. Vansittart is not a prolific writer, but what he has to offer is of the finest and rarest. Few people will follow him into his

* "The Outlook for American Prose." By Joseph Warren Beach. 12s. 6d. (University of Chicago Press.)

† ¹ "Tribute." By Robert Vansittart. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
² "Boggarty Ballads." By Madeleine Nightingale. (Basil Blackwell.)
³ "Benedicamus Domine." By Madeleine Nightingale. (Burns & Oates.)
⁴ "Time and Chance." By Mary Stella Edwards. 5s. (Hogarth Press.)
⁵ "Oxford Poetry—1926." (Basil Blackwell.)

speculations, which he weaves even in the long poem dedicated to his little daughter. He is seldom simple, but he runs the whole gamut of colour and emotion. In his nearest approach to simplicity the colour is as lucent as the thought. Take this of a London garden:

"The roof's grey silver comes to light. The chill
 Wash of the background, neither cloud nor sky,
 Clears to the half-transparency of an eye.
 The giant city stretches and lies still,

"Still with our tiny garden in the shaft
 Of ivy, stone and shutter, and the hopes
 Of lilac hushed. Deep down a young wind gropes
 Its way, and ceases causeless. Was it draught

"From the one open window, ours? You stand
 Whiter than this mute prologue of a day,
 While from a lover's vantage we survey
 The curtain lifted by a beckoning hand.

"There at our feet the untrodden gravel winds
 Cool. 'Tis a river-bed about the wan
 Green isle that man has never touched upon,
 Nor even seen by reason of his blinds."

These are a few verses from a longish poem and do not fairly represent the poet. Mr. Vansittart seems to write for his own pleasure, but there will be those who will love to track the subtle meaning of the poetry through its difficulties and they will be well rewarded.

A new book by Madeleine Nightingale, with illustrations by C. T. Nightingale, is always a pleasure. "Boggarty Ballads"² has the feeling of the folk-tale. One can imagine a circle of round-eyed children listening to the stories told in rattling rhyme, and somehow one gets the feeling that Mrs. Nightingale is herself a child and at home among pixies and fairies and boggarts of one kind or another. Children are much less apt to be terrified by these things than their elders suppose. There is fine fare here of the good old fairy tale style, but when one has read the "Boggarty Ballads" the elder turns with pure joy to a couple of "Christmas Carols"³ which have the true Christmas Carol spirit. Here Mrs. Nightingale is lovely:

"Heard ye the shepherds pass this way,
 When darkness lay along the street?
 They came before the break of day
 To kneel and worship at His feet.
 Awake! Awake, this Christmas Morn!
 Awake, good people high and low!
 For unto us a child is born.
 Benedicamus Domino!"

Miss Mary Stella Edwards⁴ has a charming lyrical gift. Some of her love songs are very delicate things, sensitive and full of music and colour. These lyrics should appeal to the song writer. There is a preface by Professor Gilbert Murray. Miss Edwards has a real gift, as witness "The Lighted Dance," which I would like to quote if space permitted. There are other poems on its level of achievement.

"Oxford Poems"⁵ is of necessity interesting because we see what these young things are doing. The poems are youthful and they have a youthful lack of simplicity. There is no Yeats or Walter de la Mare on this horizon, but a good many of the poems have promise and to one or two writers we look with interest.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

MR. YEATS AND HIMSELF.*

It is good to have Mr. Yeats's two specifically autobiographical books in one volume in the attractive new collection of his works, more especially as the later and longer of them has hitherto only been issued in a limited and expensive edition. For they are both interesting in themselves and valuable aids to the understanding of his other writings. I have called them "specifically" autobiographical because in everything that he writes there is an autobiographical element. Even in his plays,

* Autobiographies: "Reveries over Childhood and Youth" and "The Trembling of the Veil." By W. B. Yeats. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

removed to whatever degree, some personal experience is implicit. That is why his writings are homogeneous in diversity, each being the explanatory context of the others, and also why he has been so assiduous in revision, so fastidiously his own anthologist. His work being so peculiarly a part of himself, he has wanted, as he developed, and his development has been deliberate, to bring the whole body of it into harmony with the phase of life which he has reached; and thus to give to it a unity which must in fact have been there in any case. For that the child is father to the man is true with him in a special degree. His intellectual adventures have been many, and they are not yet at an end, but they always start from ideas of which he was conscious in youth. In his philosophy, of which he has recently made an elaborate, and to those who are not adepts in metaphysical speculation a difficult, exposition, of which the germ will be found in certain passages of "The Trembling of the Veil," in "Per Amica Silentia Lunae," and in some of his poems, he recognises a self and an anti-self, an opposition of willed and fated personalities. So that it is not fantastical to say that he has followed two paths at once, the path of his nationalist activities, the Irish literary movement, the Abbey Theatre, and the more recondite one of vision and alchemical study. His literature is the fruit of this double journey, and when his preoccupation has been with Ireland he has often employed the symbols of mysticism, while the alchemists of his stories bear Irish names.

There is much light on this duality in these autobiographies, but one need not be specially interested in the problem of Yeats to find them absorbing. For he has moved in the world of men, and, dreamer though he be, he can realise his fellows, seeing them with a clear and often satirical eye. His grandfather in Sligo, his brilliant father and the circle of artists round him in London and Dublin, the Nationalist leaders, John O'Leary and John Taylor, stand out sharply against no vague background. Nowhere else is to be found so authentic a presentation of the men of the nineties, the "poets of the Cheshire Cheese," for he knew them all and some of them intimately, and he moved immune from the tragic fate in which so many of them were involved. Sometimes in his writings, speaking, as it were, out of a cloud of esoteric experience, Mr. Yeats seems a little inhuman, as though untouched by the commoner passions. That this is a false impression one has only to read some of his later poetry with attention to discover, and certainly when he speaks of Lionel Johnson or Ernest Dowson his tone never lacks sympathy.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

WILHELM II AS PRINCE AND AS EMPEROR.*

Some critics, of whom Mr. Garvin seems to be one, are inclined to regard the ex-German Emperor's volume "My Early Life" as a sort of rejoinder to Emil Ludwig's "portrait" of "Kaiser Wilhelm II from Birth to Exile." That this is not the case may fairly be gathered from the fact that on the 178th page of his book Herr Ludwig quotes the Kaiser's mordant description of Prince Bismarck at the Berlin Foreign Office: "The Prince bulked there like a huge granite boulder in a field; roll it away and you find beneath it little but vermin and withered roots." This is one of several passages in which the Imperial author, who has otherwise written an interesting and charming narrative of the first twenty-eight years of his

* "My Early Life." By William II, ex-Emperor of Germany. Translated from the German. 30s. (Methuen.)—"Kaiser Wilhelm II." By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne. 21s. (Putnams.)



The Kaiser in Hunting Costume.

From "My Early Life," by William II, ex-Emperor of Germany (Methuen).

life, is betrayed into disconcerting flashes of malice. To the Highlanders, apropos of Balmoral, he pays the following back-handed compliment: "They are a sympathetic race, peaceful, straightforward and hospitable: unlike the English they have a great sense of humour." Speaking of England in the eighties he has the hardihood to declare: "The three leading representatives of British painting at that time were Alma-Tadema, a Frisian, Herkomer, a Bavarian, and Sir John Millais, a Frenchman" (Millais was of course a Jersey man, born at Southampton). Into his account of the Emperor Frederick's "Ninety-Nine Days" there even enters a touch of caddishness, as when, alluding to Sir Morell Mackenzie's diagnosis of his father's throat-trouble, Wilhelm roundly declares:

"It is another question whether the Englishman really pronounced his diagnosis in good faith. I am convinced that this was not the case. It is not only that he was a laryngological authority to whom a diagnosis so mistaken can hardly be credited; but the haste with which, without waiting for the result of his treatment, he was out not only after money, but also after the English aristocracy, tells against him too."

This is how the ex-Kaiser speaks of a supposed enemy dead these many years. How did he, exquisite judge of British humour that he proclaims himself to be, behave to his friends, his guests, his intimates. Emil Ludwig tells us through the mouth of Count Zedlitz-Trützschler. At a Silesian shoot in the autumn of 1904, in the presence of the whole shooting party and hundreds of beaters, he held Colonel von B. down in the snow for a long time and then covered him all over with snow. He tweaked an old Major's ear and gave him a staggering slap on the back, all in fun of course; while he administered to the Grand Duke Vladimir such a thwack on the back with the

marshal's baton that it resounded again. Nor was the Imperial hilarity in any better taste than the Imperial practical joke. "You old donkeys think you know better because you're older than I am" was the style in which Wilhelm addressed the War Minister and the Chief of the Military Cabinet; while he hailed Count Roger Scherr-Dobran, a Prussian Chamberlain, with a loud "What, you old swine, have you been asked here too?" With this *faux-bonhommerie* of the pot-house ruffian the War Lord seems to have combined a vanity, a conceit, an egoism and a nervous irritability which, as described in those numerous quotations from his friends' and Ministers' evidence with which Herr Ludwig has packed his book, can only be described as "gigantesque." The irrepressible loquacity and swaggering megalomania with which he heightened his public utterances stand of course on record. And now we are told by his friends, by Eulenburg, Bulow and others, not by his enemies whose testimony Herr Ludwig refuses to admit, that the ex-Kaiser, for all his parade of activity and authority, was hopelessly unstable, incurably indolent and desperately timid. The method which the portraitist adopts to paint this picture of latter-day Byzantinism, while roughly effective, is, I must protest, not a little tedious. The perpetual procession of quotation and comment, the heavy, clumsy, crude irony or substitute for irony, the histrionic exaggeration which puts indirectly reported conversations into dialogue form—all this is bad in point of style and worse still as a means of driving home an indictment.

On the whole however the portraitist's picture seems to be a fairly good likeness. To the ex-Kaiser's possession of a withered left arm and to his partial triumph over this disastrous physical disability Herr Ludwig traces all his gasconading and his sabre-rattling. This was the defensive armour in which Wilhelm concealed and protected his native timidity and irresolution and from which he fulminated over Europe and Asia. And it was owing to a similar perversion, caused by his feud with his pro-English mother and his anti-German uncle, that all his life long he was consumed by an alternating love and hatred for Great Britain, whose mastery of the seas was so deep an article of faith with him that from the very outbreak of the Great War he forbade Admiral Tirpitz to try conclusions with the Grand Fleet. Foreign politics, for all the boasts of modernity which he made to Bigelow and to Roosevelt, he regarded purely from a dynastic and legitimist point of view. He was as *allié* as an eighteenth century Whig territorial peer, as class-conscious as a Bolshevik People's Commissar.

LEWIS BETTANY.

HUMAN AND DIVINE.*

The theme of transplanting a divine spirit into human form is continually cropping up, in one guise or another, both in prose and verse. In the first two books on our list we have two more versions of it. They are totally different, yet each in its own way conveys in a subtle manner the intangible, inexplicable divine power which sees the motive and intention behind the action, the real and genuine impulse, as against the simulation. Miss May Wynne presents a very clear conception of present-day problems, and against these she brings to bear the powerful influence of a man in whom the divine spirit is embodied. In restrained, well chosen language she draws a very potent picture of an angel, by dint of earnest entreaty, winning the great gift of a human soul. Theodore woke with the dawn, "such a dawn! glory everywhere, transforming bleak wolds and purple hills to a magic world, splendid and desirable." Wandering into the garden of the Philosopher, he is welcomed, in answer to a dream the latter has had. Later, the world creeps into his horizon

* "Theodore." By May Wynne. 7s. 6d. (Alston Rivers.)—"The Kingdom." By Frank H. Shaw. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)—"All the Way." By Elizabeth Fagan. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Pamela and Her Lion Man." By Margaret Peterson. 5s. (Hutchinson.)—"Her Pirate Partner." By Berta Ruck. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

by means of his friendship with Margaret Hilston, who visits at a neighbouring house. This friendship, and the Philosopher's death, by which he is made financially independent, then lead him into the world beyond, and no little restraint is needed to carry him through the mazes of society, and later, through the slums, where he finds much scope for his remarkable gifts and soothing presence. In "The Kingdom" Mr. Shaw introduces the divine nature in a sequence of characters, linking them up with the different stages in the lives of his principals. The mode of approach, like the social position of the person, who for the time being reflects the supernatural nature, varies very considerably. One time it is that of a lonely shepherd on the moors, another a very eminent surgeon, again, just a wayfaring man shedding a benign and healing radiance wherever he passes. Whatever the circumstances, the power is there and makes itself felt in no uncertain manner. In creating such characters, as indeed in all, consistency is one of the main essentials, and in this we feel both authors have held themselves well in hand. Throughout they reveal a contest between good and evil, often a bitter one, but striking a deep note of real humanity when it glimpses its highest possibilities.

"Does the road wind uphill all the way?" This question echoes all through Miss Elizabeth Fagan's book. It is the story of Clair Carrington, just an ordinary girl, whom fate seemed to bear a real grudge against. Beginning with her marriage, at the age of seventeen, and widowhood two days later, her life was one succession of brave struggles against countless difficulties and buffetings. Through these struggles, principally on the stage, the reader gets many delightful glimpses behind the scenes, in a provincial touring company, and is introduced to some refreshing characters. The lodgings, the scrappy meals of shrimps, sandwiches, cheese, stout, etc., form the setting for the highly flavoured conversations and strangely assorted friendships among which Clair's lot is cast. Two other marriages follow, in neither of which does she find the happiness she craves, but her eager spirit refuses to be broken.

The last two books are buoyant and breezy stories of adventures abroad (in the former) and at home (in the latter). "Pamela and her Lion Man" carries us almost immediately out to Africa, though not without catastrophes *en route*, which entirely alter the programme. Pamela certainly had all she could wish in the way of thrills and excitement, also in the way of romance, for her faithful, mysterious Lion Man had all the qualities which make the ideal hero, even to a very creditable name, when he chose to reveal himself. The adventures in Miss Berta Ruck's book are of the night-club variety. Dorothea Prothero, standing on the threshold of life, living in the care of a Victorian guardian, was driven to satisfying her natural desire for pleasure by stealth. Presumably attending shorthand classes in the City by day, and retiring to bed early every evening, she was, in reality, making merry with up-river house-parties, attending the Chelsea Theatrical Garden Party, etc., whilst her evenings were spent in drinking cocktails and gaining considerable fluency in slang, in company with Poppy Hicks and her somewhat miscellaneous pals.

L. O.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.*

Under a conveniently comprehensive title Bishop Welldon has discussed in separate essays or chapters the Church in its relation to Nonconformity, to Christian reunion, to Modernism, to social questions, to the problems of Industry, to Christian Missions and similar topics. He prefaces these by preliminary chapters on religion in general and Christianity in particular. His standpoint is that of an orthodox believer who accepts some of the results of modern criticism but nevertheless holds fast to the faith. Ecclesiastically he must be classed as a very

* "The English Church." By Bishop Welldon. 12s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Moderate Churchman with a strong bias towards the Evangelicals. His style is lucid and popular. He expressly states that he has avoided the citation of authorities, but it is interesting to note that those he does quote belong on the whole to the past rather than to the present. Thus in rejecting the dogma of Apostolic Succession he relies upon Ranke and Macaulay and their exposure of the mediæval popes, and does not allude to the researches of Gwatkin and Headlam on the primitive church. Similarly in speaking of home reunion he discusses Archbishops Tillotson and Leighton in relation to the last Lambeth Conference. In this connection he would like to see Presbyterian orders recognised, on the understanding that future ordinations should be episcopal.

His disapproval of the Anglo-Catholic party appears in many places. Thus he considers that the Oxford Movement, its progenitor, has left English society "at a lower level of faith and piety than it has known since the middle of the eighteenth century." Its leaders, absorbed in ecclesiastical questions, "gave scarcely a thought to the poor," while the Evangelicals, of whom Lord Shaftesbury is cited as an example, were labouring to ameliorate the lot of the toilers. Their modern successors "have in some degree lost the respect of the nation . . . because they or some of them are known to set an example of disobedience of the law." The danger which besets "not the least some of the chief representatives of the Anglo-Catholic school is a certain moral obliquity." He hints at a quality such as gives "Jesuitry" so sinister a meaning.

On the other hand, the Low Church party, while on the whole commended, run the risk of self-deception, of substituting words for actions and of spiritual conceit. He does not fear a secession of Anglo-Catholics from the Church, but rather the "association of Evangelicals both within and without the Church of England in a new Church."

As for the Broad Church party, he much commends their "candour," but fears the modernism of its more extreme members. He would like to see combined the good qualities of all the three sections without their defects.

His chapter on Christian Missions applies to such missions in general. He hazards the curious suggestion that English residents in India may have discouraged missions either because they "instinctively, although perhaps unconsciously, disliked the sense of unity between European and Oriental races in religion"—surely a gratuitous assumption. He is on sounder ground in saying that "unrest in the East is owing not so much to Christian missionary influence as to secular European interference," and in pointing out the unacknowledged influence of Christianity in elevating the teaching of the other religions.

In speculating on the Church of the Future, Bishop Welldon ventures to affirm that the day of authority in religion is past; but surely that will never be until the type of mind which prefers to take its religion on trust from some person or church becomes extinct. He thinks that the creed of the future will be simplified. In this connection he remarks: "There is a tacit feeling that the Incarnation, unless it has been repeated in all habitable worlds, is disproportionate in its relation to the world of human beings." He thinks that women will eventually take a place in the Church corresponding to that which they are taking in the State.

Altogether, while containing many statements which the reader is likely to challenge, this book is provocative of thought and a useful contribution to the consideration of current problems.

J. D. MULLINS.

DIARIES OF A DUCHESS.*

Elizabeth, the first Duchess of Northumberland, had already a modest place in literary history. Goldsmith wrote the ballad of Edwin and Angelina for her entertainment, and Voltaire once made her a present of a melon and

* "The Diaries of a Duchess. Extracts from the Diaries of the First Duchess of Northumberland (1716-1776)." Edited by James Greig. With a Foreword by the Duke of Northumberland. 18s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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True there is much about herself. Thus on May 6th, 1760: "Went to Ball; tired to Death. A bad Supper. Miss Townshend drunk." And on August 7th of the same year: "I here kissed an ugly Cousin & a sweaty Brother of Ld Belhavens." However these sorrows and personalities do not seem obtrusive when we remember her revelation of kingly domesticity. The household of King George III and Queen Charlotte—the Duchess was one of the latter's Ladies of the Bedchamber—becomes part of Everyman's suburb. For instance—1768: "... His Larum waked him before 5 o'Clock when he rose & lighted the Fire himself & went to Bed again till the Clock struck Five & by that Time the Fire being a little burnt up, he rose & dress'd himself." Learned and formal history has been altogether too lofty, too remote; it has never envisaged a king with his coal-scuttle and his fire-tongs; yet a monarch lighting a fire would be far more touching to the vast majority of his subjects than his opening of a Parliament. Even in regard to the latter capacity the Duchess saw something which worshipping historians were too flurried or too dignified to notice. November 18th, 1760: "Went to House of Lords much crowded to hear ye Kings Speech. The Crown like to fall, sat down upon his nose & misbecame him greatly." It may have misbecome him, yet what charm, to the most reverent devotee of kingship and the symbolism of the Crown, has that simple picture! It is memorable as Mr. Pickwick in pursuit of his hat.

One is not quite so sure about such confidences as those concerning the Prince of Wales at the end of 1772. Up to a point indeed all is well. We learn that the Prince is "extremely grown (3 Inches in 12 Months)," and "has a great Air of his Grandfather, holds up his head very strait, &, with one hand on his Sword & the other in his Bosom, stands in the exact Attitude of K George the 2d." But then we find that "in his Face he is not so well as he was, his upper fore Teeth being remarkably broad tho very white have a bad effect." There ought to be reticence in regard to the fore teeth of Princes.

The Duchess however is always outspoken, at home and overseas. She sums up John Taylor, the once notorious oculist, as "the greatest Puppy I ever met." Louis XV stands forth in her pages as "outjawed"; she is describing the muster for the marriage of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette. At a great supper, "the little Madame (the Dauphin's older sister) eat with a voraciousness & eagerness I never saw equall'd & whilst she gobbled down the Meat on her Plate, her Eyes seem'd to devour all the rest that was on the Table." On the other hand the Dauphin "seem'd quite pensive & hung over his Plate playing with his Knife." Another of her homely footnotes to aristocratic history! There are many more.

Though the Duke of Northumberland avers that she shared her husband's taste for literature, appreciated the company of men of letters and displayed no little skill in the lighter forms of versification, she does not seem to have carried her intellectual preferences to her diaries. We do not find anything worth noting about the literary Britain of her generation; and Voltaire, whom she visited at Ferney, only shines briefly as a host and a part of a decorative scheme. Still her praise was in its way a courtly return for his melon and his rare pineapple. Anyhow statelier cares, like kings and coals—relieved indeed by caustic gossip and romantic scandal—allured her imagination and impelled her pen.

W. P. RYAN.

TWO WOMEN AND A MAN.*

Miss Rose Macaulay's bitterest enemy could not put dullness to her account, and yet through all the mordant cleverness of "Crewe Train" there are patches of something very like boresomeness (to coin an expressive if clumsy word). The matter with the book is Miss Macaulay's own thesis. She has apparently said to herself: "I will present a group of charming, frivolous people, much occupied with worldly conventions and artistic pretensions; and then I will introduce to them a young woman almost barren of allurements and entirely devoid of education, an entirely normal, dull, stupid, slovenly young woman. In the encounter that follows I will reveal the tasteless Philistine putting the tasty aesthetes to flight by sheer, natural lack of humbug." This might have been done in an attractive and diverting way, but Miss Macaulay has made the unfortunate mistake of serving up the girl, Denham Dobie, as a half-baked imbecile. Denham is lazy, disobliging, unobservant, ungrateful. Her plainness she cannot help, but her dirtiness she can. Denham is a vacuous slattern. Her relatives, the Greshams, who take this terrible young woman to their bosoms, are delightful people, though it is probable that Miss Macaulay has no opinion of their mentality whatever. Peter, the agreeable publisher, and his pretty young middle-aged wife, Evelyn, are really nice people. Their daughter Audrey is an amusing sort. The boys are not so ingratiating, especially the selfish Humphrey, who has a good deal of the hoggishness of his cousin Denham. If Nature had a law of likeness in sexual union, these inconsiderate young people would have formed a pair. Unfortunately for the young man concerned with Denham's future life, he (Arnold Chapel) had nothing in common with his adored one except physical worship. Denham was quite a healthy animal.

Miss Macaulay can always take pleasure in the miseries of her characters. She is evidently much amused at the tortures of Arnold by his unsuitable wife. That is an amusement which will not be enjoyed by any sensitive reader.

"Crewe Train," whatever the critics may say, is a disagreeable book. Miss Macaulay had done her work so well in depicting the body and mentality of the dreadful Denham, that she has almost succeeded in fatiguing her readers. The book is dedicated to "The Philistines, the barbarians, the unsociable and those who do not care to take any trouble"—to the soul-mates of Denham, one suspects. Well, they can have the Crewe train to themselves; I prefer to go on to Birmingham.

One always views with doubtful eyes the prospect of reading a new volume of short stories. Some very excellent novelists make a poor hand of the story in little; and most people who can tell a story in the fine tradition, or could establish a new fine one for themselves, are forbidden by the many conventions of the English and American magazine editor from adventuring beyond the shallow backwaters of orthodox tale-spinning.

Perusing the opening stories in Mrs. Mary Borden's collection, "Four O'clock," I was relieved to find that they had not the magazine stamp, but had reason to fear that all the stories which followed might be of the same pattern—recitals of interesting women unhappily married to uninteresting but wealthy men, and pining for a way out which did not offer itself. The fear was unfounded. Mrs. Borden is as much at her literary ease among the tents of the lowly as the palaces of the caliphs. She has that deep sympathy for poor folk whose poverty leaves in danger of the law as Mr. John Galsworthy has. The strongest story in a collection of marked excellence is "No Verdict," which tells how Charlie Palmer, the wretched survivor of a suicide pact, faces the whole opposition of a formidable court in the vain effort to prevent his dead sweetheart's memory from dishonour. Susie was in a certain condition. Charlie took the fateful responsibility for an act which was not his. Susie had been the victim of a brute, and

* "Crewe Train." By Rose Macaulay. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Four O'clock." By Mary Borden. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"A Woman in Exile." By H. A. Vachell. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Charlie, in his great love and compassion, had comforted her sad heart and would have gone with her on the un-earthly pilgrimage but that the poison played him a trick. Every detail in this story is magnificently true. Another remarkable story is "To Meet Jesus Christ," which concerns the amazing and pathetic madness of a neurotic Society "climber."

Mrs. Borden in "Jane—Our Stranger" and "The Romantic Woman" has dealt with the difficulties of some Anglo-American marriages. Mr. H. A. Vachell treats the same subject from another angle in his quite admirable novel, "A Woman in Exile." His heroine is English, distinguished, charming and poor. His hero is American, young, wealthy, wholesome and a keen worker. Lucy d'Aguilar is not in her first youth. She had had opportunities of good alliances. One very promising engagement she released herself from just before the wedding day, rather to the disgust of her fragile mother and her quite unscrupulous but agreeable father. Then Chet Cowlard came along. He fell in love with Lucy at first glance. Lucy herself was not so impressionable, but he won her by a kind of cheerful masterfulness.

Chet was an ideal American husband. He served his lady with devout attention and rich gifts. She reciprocated in a manner which American women are not supposed to do. They got married and the experiment worked beautifully for a time. Lucy was attached to England and all the fine and noble things it stood for. Chet liked England, but he adored his native state of California. They both agreed to compromise; but Chet found himself more and more a hundred per cent. American. He made his wife and his children as happy as he could while he threw all his energies into Big Business. This might have been all very well, but that Chet had been working hard all his life, and as the years went by he became less fitted to bear the strain of working life. Against the wishes of Lucy he pledged himself to still more strenuous undertakings. Then he began to drink a little—to keep going. Chet never became a drunkard, but he ruined his remaining stock of health by excess of work and too frequent stimulation. The end of the book is externally a sad one; but the widowed but not tragic Lucy feels the more drawn to America by her husband's death; and her children have the American urge also. The contrast between the old civilisations and the new is most delicately done. "A Woman in Exile" is the best constructed book that Mr. Vachell has yet written.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

THE "APPRECIATION OF ART."

When we look at pictures what do we hope for, and what do we expect? By what standard do we judge their merits? The average man (who "knows nothing about art, but who knows what he likes") undoubtedly looks for literal representation. A rose which looks exactly as though you could transfer it from the canvas to your buttonhole, the book which is so "real" that you could almost open it at page eighty-two, a portrait which is ready to step out of the frame—these are what the average observers prefer. They are greatly and quite naturally incensed if someone expects them to like "this modern stuff," which incidentally, it often turns out, was painted by some then obscure Frenchman forty odd years ago. The trouble with the people who know nothing about art is that they very seldom know what they like, or why they like it. To take a homely instance. I often look at a collection of engravings of Charles I and his family, acquired purely for subject interest. These include the fine and celebrated print after Van Dyck of the three heads on one plate. They include also an obscure Dutch engraving of the scene on the scaffold, that has no commercial value whatever, in which the proportions are all wrong, the

* "Transformations." By Roger Fry. 3rs. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—"The Human Form in Art." By A. A. Braun. 15s. (Bodley Head.)



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The love of a man for a maid, benevolence towards the unfortunate, sympathy with the weak, all these join to make this story about the courtship of David and Anne full of warmth and charm.

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author of "Tangled Evidence"

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CASSELL'S

LA BELLE SAUVAGE, E.C.4



drawing queer, the topography of Whitehall imaginary, the figures "wooden." For a long time, having a sneaking preference for this little engraving, I felt extremely guilty. The fineness of the others was so palpable, the delicacy, the detail, the slickness, the "finish"; the one I liked was not a bit realistic, or skilful, or engaging. At last I arrived at the solution of this mystery. Without any art-jargon to help or hinder me, I realised it was the *shape* of the little engraving which gave me pleasure, the arrangement of the figures in relation to each other, of light and shade; that the likeness or otherwise to authentic portraits of the martyr king mattered not at all; that the architectural absurdities were irrelevant. The print was more interesting for its own sake than were the others, which depended for their appeal more considerably upon the subject.

Having grasped this point—that certain patterns upon paper or canvas have an intrinsic value, which has nothing at all to do with their value as representations of or comments upon facts, the reader turns to Mr. Fry, not necessarily secure from violent disagreement, but with the certainty of rich enjoyment. Indeed in the face of so strongly individual a point of view, disagreement is almost inevitable. Not without reason, many years ago, did Mr. Max Beerbohm make a caricature of this author gazing with rapture upon a traditional wooden soldier, whilst beneath was written: "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Among the contents the most important is a long essay entitled "Some Questions in Æsthetics," which is complementary to the opening chapter in Mr. Fry's earlier work, "Vision and Design." This requires, but equally repays, a second reading. Other chapters are devoted to Chinese Art, Van Gogh, Seurat, the Seicento, Fra Bartolomeo, modern drawings and so forth. That on the subject of the Sargent Memorial Exhibition would be expected, one might even say that it is calculated, to arouse furious criticism. "Sargent has no psychological imagination," the author tells us, and goes on to say that he gave nothing of what lies behind the precise social aspect of his subjects. Sargent's art was "art applied to social requirements and social ambitions," and Mr. Fry denies the name of artist to the man he calls "our greatest practitioner in paint."

It does not need however a very "modern" or rebellious spirit to accept this critic's opinion of the Cavell monument, or of Luke Fildes's "The Doctor." On the other hand, the work of M. Rouault, of which an example is illustrated, does seem a little difficult to swallow. It would be easy to describe this picture of St. John the Baptist in flippancy terms, but that would not help anyone to form an estimate. The thing has to be seen to be believed. In a provocative discussion of London sculptors and sculptures Mr. Fry shows his disapprobation of Mr. Epstein's more recent work, but where that discussion narrows to a close view of the Rima in Hyde Park, as would be expected it is the Philistines of whom he principally disapproves.

Two other brief quotations will, by their implications, help the reader to understand something of the ground-work of Mr. Fry's artistic creed. "There is," he says, "almost inevitably a conflict between the decorative and plastic uses of colour. It is yet another aspect of the incessant tension between the organisation of a picture upon the surface and its organisation in space." Whilst complementing this remark and regarding art from another angle, he declares that the "co-operation . . . between the two experiences derived from the psychological and plastic aspects of a picture does not appear to be inevitable," which is almost as much as to say that while, for example, a certain amount of representation in a portrait is necessary on psychological grounds (as in the admirable caricatures by M. André Rouveyre reproduced in this book), it does not follow that this artistic psychology has any significance in the building up of a work to be judged on its own and unrelated merits.

"The Human Form in Art" sets out to be of practical use to the student. There are eighteen very short chapters discussing various aspects of figure drawing and painting,

and nearly two hundred illustrations from photographs, sculptures, drawings, etc. There are too a few anatomical diagrams exhibiting the muscles, which should be of considerable interest. Mr. Braun's advice is not always of the most original or stimulating kind. "One should draw intelligently," he says, "by concentrating one's mind on the subject to be drawn." In another place, "nothing in nature is ugly or inartistic," he tells us. Leaving ugliness out of the question, and remembering that Nature and Art are purely antithetical, we observe that Mr. Braun is using the word "inartistic" in a vaguely popular but wholly inaccurate sense. Apart from the illustrations there is little to recommend the book.

BOHUN LYNCH.

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY AS ESSAYIST.*

Here is a book of much luxury, made out of Mr. Aldous Huxley, the essayist. Only 650 copies have been printed, and a note on the fly-leaf gives us to understand that the type has been cast to the winds. Collectors take notice. Each copy bears the signature of the author himself, done in a bold, legible hand.

But will Mr. Huxley, a man of vast common sense, be able to contemplate this elaborate and handsome book with a balanced mind? May it not fill him with emotions rather like those which afflicted Mrs. Kenwigs when she looked upon her heavenly children (all gathered together, sitting in a row)? May not Mr. Huxley, like Mrs. Kenwigs cry out (deep in his heart), "Too beautiful, much too beautiful"? For, to say the truth, some of the essays are scarcely nurslings of immortality; they were obviously born into the transitory world of journalism. "Where are the Movies Moving" gives us a delicious impression of Felix the Cat; a note on some book about Tibet is mildly interesting. But is the edition de luxe nowadays grown humble enough to accommodate the likes of the next fashionable periodical? ("Accommodated;" as Bardolph observes, "That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated"). One or two of Mr. Huxley's essays are no better and no worse than average contributions provided every day for the newspaper on whose staff I happen to be engaged—contributions by young men who do not aspire to fastidious format and type, but who, on the contrary, are well content with "lead-ed minion" and one cross-head.

At his best of course Mr. Huxley is amongst our most distinguished essayists. This collection is made rich by the paper on Breughel, that on Chaucer, that on Rimini and Alberti, that called "Views of Holland." Yet even at his best, Mr. Huxley does not suggest "precious" binding and printing. For he is far from being an aesthete—though one of his best critics has named him as such. Mr. Huxley's mind is too restless, too curious, ever to give itself over to æsthetic contemplation; he is interested not so much in his own delighted sense of life and fact as in life and fact themselves. The artist, the poet, the æsthete, loves to linger on a single aspect of the passing show, to hail the flying moment, like Faust, and say, "Stay yet awhile, thou art so fair," to suffuse that isolated aspect with his own personal emotion. Mr. Huxley has no time for all this; his mind flits here and there, eager not to miss a sight of any object as in itself it really is. If he is a poet, he also is a biologist; his genius must always be sighing, "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." He is himself the best critic of the artist in Mr. Huxley. He confesses to an "excessive curiosity." He longs to hear what everybody is saying in any assembly in which he happens to find himself:

"Scandal, motors, quanta, Irish bulls, love and politics seem to me incomparably more interesting than Henry James; and each of these is at the same time more interesting than all the others. Inquisitiveness flutters hopelessly this way and that, like a bird in a glass house. And the net result is that, not

* "Essays New and Old." By Aldous Huxley. 42s. (Chatto & Windus.)

hearing what he says and being too much distracted to answer coherently, I make myself appear an idiot to my interlocutor, while the very number of my illicit curiosities renders it impossible for me to satisfy any single one of them."

Mr. Huxley then goes on to say that this "excessive and promiscuous inquisitiveness, so fatal to a man who desires to mix in society, is a valuable asset to the one who merely looks on, without participating in the actions of his fellows." Perhaps so; but the living spirit of places and peoples makes itself known quickest to the good-mixers of the world. Mr. Huxley is a marvel of common sense. Wherever he goes, whatever he sees, he remains aloof; he is not to be "taken in." And here I am reminded of a passage in Mr. Chesterton: "To be taken in everywhere is to see the inside of everything." To be a poet is to be a sort of trusting greenhorn; Mr. Huxley occasionally gives us cause to think it is only his incessant curiosity that saves him from the boredom of immense sophistication. "Alas," he writes, "the objects of one's curiosity prove, once one has made their acquaintance, to be, almost invariably, quite unworthy of any further interest"—a sentence, by the way, which does not represent Mr. Huxley's prose style at its finest. It is one of the best prose styles extant at the present time; astringent, precise, and in this loose adjectival age, economical.

NEVILLE CARDUS.

Novel Notes.

A SERVANT OF THE MIGHTIEST. By Mrs. Alfred Wingate. 7s. 6d. (Crosby Lockwood.)

There are few flights of fancy in this absorbing book, and these are clearly defined in the Preface. By piecing together an enormous chronicle of facts, and interspersing them with brilliant touches of the atmosphere and life of those far-off days, Mrs. Wingate has recreated the adventurous life of Chingiz Khan, known in his struggling days as Temudjin, the political founder of the Mongul dynasty in China and that of the Mo(n)gols in India. To those in particular who are watching with keenness the great struggle now going on, in that vast area which was the Chinese Empire, this book should be of great interest. To get any fair estimate of a man or a people, one must study the conditions and traditions under which he or they lived, and this book, by sticking as closely to the truth as it can be proved, opens up the way to a better understanding of the seeds sown in the past which have their bearing on the conditions of to-day. It carries us right through Temudjin's amazing career, and gives a vivid picture of that bloodthirsty, ambitious man, who was yet capable of inspiring such loyalty and undying friendship, and such generous treatment of his foes.

MIDSUMMER MUSIC. By Stephen Graham. 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Plot, characters and scene of this latest novel of Stephen Graham are romantic and picturesque enough to have wandered straight out of a beautiful and wonderful musical comedy, full of song and dancing and lovely midnights, of picnics by summer seas, with charming Adams and Eves. But the author writes of real places and people, and most wittily does he contrast Bohemia true and false. It is an unusual story with the scene set in a little village in Dalmatia. Professor Spandin, a cosmopolitan and exceedingly clever Slav, was so enthusiastic in praise of the natural and unspoiled beauty of his beloved Dalmatia that he persuaded a party of English artists to come (babies and all) and spend a summer there. Spandin would arrange everything in the way of transit and accommodation. Being a Slav he did neither, and disillusion began *en route*. Then Katelli was primitive as regards sanitation, water, food and cleanliness, and the natives were definitely hostile. Felix Morrison, an unsociable bachelor, expert on things

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Shakespearean, and lured to Katelli by promises of complete seclusion, got there first and bagged the castle of the late King Tomislav, and was reasonably comfortable; but the story of how he, more than all the rest, got drawn into the village life, falling helplessly in love with a beautiful and fascinating Slav damsel, is a rather wonderful romance. The characters of Professor Spandin, the sculptor, Resich and the girl Slavitsa are well and interestingly portrayed. A novel that all who enjoy reading of Bohemian life should certainly buy or borrow.

MR. GILHOOLEY. By Liam O'Flaherty. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

If this book were as pleasant as it is clever it would be very pleasant indeed, for its cleverness is ungainsayable. We can admire the art which has gone to its making and be amazed by the unremitting zeal which Mr. O'Flaherty has exercised; but it is not easy to extract any other pleasure from this luridly written story of a middle aged voluptuary who spends the greater part of his time indulging in the less subtle vices. Mr. Gilhooley, after fifty years of bachelorhood, forms an alliance with a girl prostitute, and the greater part of the novel is an account of the physical excesses and emotional reactions which he experiences as he passes from mere lust to something resembling love—a love far removed from the kind understood by less excessive temperaments. Probably no novel published in England has made such free use of forbidden words or has so frankly described scenes which recall Zola at his most realistic. With every wish to be detached, the present reviewer failed to derive from the book an æsthetic pleasure commensurate to the distaste evoked by the piling on of somewhat nauseating physical details.

ENTER A MESSENGER. By Richard Blaker. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Blaker is steadily increasing his reputation as the apologist of the normal decent man—the “common-organ garden bloke,” as Johnnie would probably express it. This Johnnie Staveley is a great creation in his convincing normality, his workaday cheerfulness; nine days out of ten he is almost your P. G. Wodehouse young man (and rightly so: one knows from experience how dull this type of tale can be, but for the zest and ingrained jollity which burst through Mr. Blaker's work even at its most serious). But John has also a quality more hard to define, though perhaps no less normal, which is appreciated and shared by his friend the American Auto King: that is his ineradicable urge to snatch at whatever promising adventure happens to come his way—his “pole-and-carrot outfit,” the American calls it. And of course this “gets women terribly bawled up, Jawhn! They see a man go off from them in a hurry, and something catches at their throat because they think he's chasing after some other woman . . . he sometimes is, of course. But what the women can't get is that he very often isn't. He's just caught sight of that damn carrot at the end of the pole. And the carrot is—maybe nothing.” To Johnnie external things just happen, and there he is in the thick of them. This is a record of his joy in them, distracting him constantly from that other and quieter joy of married life, to which he still returns. Or so Mr. Blaker implies. If one suggests that Johnnie will some day break loose for good, Mr. Blaker may retort: “I never said he wouldn't!” For he is still short of thirty, at the close of a book chock full of character and with youth tingling on every page.

THE VILLA PETROFF. 7s. 6d. net. By David Whitelaw. (Hutchinson.)

When Murray Drake lost his job in the Tooley Street office he need not have complained; there was another one waiting for him which was to prove much more to his taste, and which moreover was to provide him with a charming wife. He goes to dine at Papa Grodno's restaurant in Soho, and the adventure begins with his

finding a mysterious letter which he returns to its owner, Helen Borrodaile. From that moment Murray Drake is involved in a desperate race for buried treasure which takes him to Russia and pits him against one of the most sinister villains of recent fiction. An excellent, well thought-out story, it would have been better still if the author had chosen to unfold it in the third person and in a more continuous manner.

McGLUSKY THE TRAIL BLAZER. By A. G. Hales. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

McGlusky is as much a personality—amongst lovers of “big man” adventure as Sherlock Holmes was amongst lovers of a less muscular form of adventure a decade ago. There is something particularly fresh and “open-air” about this giant of brawn, even his remarks are more or less breezy—generally much more. In this book we go with the big man and his Irish mate into the interior of Africa, where adventures of all sorts come thick and fast. It is a question as to which, whilst reading, one enjoys most, the faithful portrayal of wild African life, the thrill of McGlusky's big and daring escapades, or the breezy humour of his language. All are admirable, and we trust the author's threat, through the mouth of McGlusky, to settle down quietly now and take to golf is not to be taken any more seriously than other extravagant threats to his mate and partner, Bucky O'Grady.

CARTERET'S CURE. By Richard Keverne. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Do eminent Harley Street specialists seat their patients in “shabby leather-covered chairs” and indulge in “shabby chairs” for themselves? But Mr. Keverne may retort that Sir Robert Sark, “the famous neurologist,” was an exception, and perhaps affected outworn furniture as a part of his disguise. For the neurologist dealt in other things than shattered human nerves, as the patient of this story, Michael Carteret, a brilliant barrister of thirty, discovered when he became an inmate of Dr. Adam's “home” on the East Coast. Hardly had Michael Carteret spent a couple of days there than he became interested in two women, one a patient like himself, the other a daring sea-woman who rescued him from drowning or being frozen to death. It will be obvious to the most unsuspecting reader that these two are to play an important part in the “cure” of the hero; but few will anticipate the devious ways and exciting adventures by which that climax is attained. As becomes a story which originally adorned the popular pages of the *Daily Mirror*, the unfolding of the tale is distinguished more by simple narrative than the graces of style.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE NIGHT. By C. Fraser-Simson. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

As a novel of mystery and adventure, “Footsteps in the Night” is a work of art. We have come to expect, in what is known as sensational fiction, far-fetched explanations, coincidences and slight character-drawing. But Mrs. Fraser-Simson has drawn real and likeable characters who behave and speak with a delightful naturalness, often very amusingly, and the strength of her plot depends on the fact that the happenings are probable and the explanations perfectly convincing. For this reason the book is much more exciting than the average one of its kind, and to say that you cannot put it down until you have read every word of it is, in this instance, no exaggeration. The whole story takes place in a few days; incident follows incident in rapid succession. Peter Martin, employed by the Home Office, carries with him on a holiday to Scotland some private and highly important documents. Recalled suddenly to town, he packs the wrong envelope by mistake, and it is just as well he does, for a gang are out to kidnap him and get possession of the precious papers. He manages to send warning to his wife, who has to rely on her wit

to defeat the scheming of the gang, now aware that Martin has left the documents behind. She dare not go to the police for fear of involving her husband in trouble, and the story of her astuteness and pluck and of her husband's resourcefulness in the hands of his captors makes extremely lively reading.

THE CHIVALRY OF MR. CHANNING. By Ellis Middleton. 7s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Channing was an eighteenth century beau of very elegant manners who was left in a deplorable predicament by the will of his cousin, Marcus Coverdale. For Marcus, as a last proof of ill-will to his cousin and his own wife, left all his money to the already wealthy Mr. Channing, who had therefore either to see Lady Rosemary made a beggar or to imperil his reputation for chivalry by coming forward as her suitor and exposing her to the taunts of the school for scandal. But chance and coincidence fought on the side of Mr. Channing, and enabled him to come to a very proper decision and to defeat the machinations of "the ravishing Rolleston" and the swashbuckling Colonel Isard. Mr. Middleton's language is not free of anachronism, but he has contrived a very pretty costume play.

BRANGANE. By Martin Mills. 6s. net. (Constable.)

How a social climber rose from the most unpromising surroundings is here related in a highly amusing manner. Brangane Winter is the younger daughter of a drunken, broken-down gentleman farmer. We like the poor girl as she strives for a little cleanliness, a little decency in the wretched surroundings of the farm. And as she frees herself from it and rises in the world we lose our sympathy more and more. She marries a baker who dies through an accident, and another fortunate accident leads her at Bath to become acquainted with a certain very handsome though shady old financier. He vastly multiplies her capital and she does not scruple to shake him off. In fact she is not a very scrupulous lady. In London she becomes acquainted with the very worthy peer who is the head of her late father's family, and his very dullness and that of his wife attract her. Several figures are introduced which one recognises; yet a book dealing with a social climber could scarcely leave these figures out. An impecunious earl appears and marries Brangane; they soon separate, and in the earl's weakness one sees how true is the author's grip upon reality. Many other writers would have made the man vindictive, but here he is shown as merely futile. Gradually Brangane gives way more and more to the same fiend that destroyed her father. She has a ghastly time in the huge deserted country house, and her later stages become more and more terrible and bizarre.

The Bookman's Table.

AN OPEN-AIR PULPIT. By R. A. Knox. 6s. (Constable.)

It may be a pulpit; but Father Knox has none of the ways which we, perhaps unfairly or through unfamiliarity, associate with preaching. He talks from among us, not from above us; and his wit, his shrewd sense, his teasing are untainted by superiority or by an offensive manner. Most of these articles have appeared in newspapers; and we have rarely met journalism which so well stood the transplanting. Whether the subject is Bradshaw, or Waxworks, or Bells, or Easter, or Vagrancy, or Armistice Day; whatever of the purely occasional there may be in the papers is relieved somewhere by some more general reference. Father Knox has the happiest knack of taking his subjects, putting them firmly into position, viewing them there, and then, after his tribute to the values of the moment, suddenly applying the values of eternity. We may not always agree with him about these latter values; but we are content to be thankful that there is a journalist who is never entirely forgetful of the existence

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of the eternal values, even when he is at his gayest and most frivolous. In the last essay in the book, "When I am Dead," Father Knox writes with a simplicity, a genuine childlikeness which may come as a surprise to those who only know him in his open-air pulpit. It is to be hoped that his activities there will not prevent him from continuing more serious essays in writing.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ACTOR. By John Barrymore. 10s. 6d. (Holden.)

To pick up a book of reminiscences by an actor is always something of an adventure; there are a few, it seems, that have little but the name of the author to recommend them. Mr. John Barrymore's however is by no means in that sorry category—it not merely has something to say but knows also how to say it, and to say it tellingly. Here is the record of adventure, ambition, disappointment, achievement and the gradual and steady growth of a creative mind. The author has many good yarns to spin of himself, his family and of his many friends and acquaintances. A book that will repay reading alike by those who are interested in the theatre and those who are not.

ROYAL SEVILLE. By E. Allison Peers. 7s. 6d. (Harpers.)

Having attested his devotion to ancient Spanish literature by his industrious exhumation of Ramon Lull and such sensitive translations of some of his writings as may be read in "The Book of the Lover and the Beloved" and "The Art of Contemplation," Professor E. Allison Peers seems now to be turning his attention to the eulogising of Spanish topography. And his fascinating study of Seville, compounded of many personal impressions and coloured with ripe historical knowledge, sets a standard which he will hardly excel in any subsequent volumes. He protests that this is not "a guide-book." That is

true; and yet the essential elements of the ideal guide-book are here, held in solution, as it were, to be absorbed unconsciously. It is the spirit, the very soul of Seville, Professor Peers has set out to capture; and in that he has been wholly successful. That is because he is an unreserved devotee of the Andalusian capital; his first and last words are: "There is not another place like Seville." He loves its streets; "they have all the charm of variety, and almost every other charm besides"; he adores its gardens: "spring, summer, autumn, or winter—it matters not"; he admires the Sevillian: "he has a natural grace and ease of manner"; and he worships its Cathedral: "it is one of the unforgettable things of Spain." Fully, then, has Professor Peers realised his ambition to produce such a book as may be a companion to those who visit Seville and "a consolation to those who do not." It is an enrichment of the book, too, that its graceful text is supplemented by delightful sketches.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE MARQUISE DE KEROUPEC (1785-1858). 7s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)

The Marquise de Keroubec is so attractive a lady that one would like to know more about her; for her memoirs only contain thirty-two entries for the seventy odd years which they cover. Whether, in this English version, we have them complete is left in doubt, for whereas on the title page they are described as "extracts from her diaries," in the publisher's foreword we are told that "the memoirs are presented in their entirety." Nor is any information vouchsafed as to the French edition, if there be one. Except for an occasional foot-note the translator, who is anonymous, sticks to his translating. He does not even comment on the fact that the title of Keroubec is absent from the French peerage books. But these fragments, so far as they go, certainly give a lively picture of the life of a French lady of fashion in the provinces under the *ancien régime*, and during the early days of the Revolution, as an *émigrée* in England, with the army of invasion, at Paris, where she went on the stage for a time, in the country again and back in Paris under the Directory, the Empire and the restored monarchy. Readers of Abel Hermant's *Confidences d'une Aïeule* will be struck by the extraordinary way in which they are anticipated by Madame de Keroubec's adventures. But although the latter's *esprit gaulois* is noted by her publisher, she is reticence itself compared with M. Hermant's marquise.

THE LIFE OF PROFESSOR RICHARD G. MOULTON, LL.D., Ph.D. By his nephew, W. Fiddian Moulton, M.A. With Foreword by Sir Michael Sadler, K.C.S.I., C.B., LL.D., Litt.D. 5s. (Epworth Press.)

In an ideal state the teacher, the man who moulds the mind of the coming generation, will have at least as high honours as are given to the legislator and to those who administer the laws; for it is surely a nobler and more difficult task to make good citizens than to punish bad ones. Meanwhile, the lawyer takes precedence of the teacher and collects the lion's share of the profit and glory, and such a man as Richard Green Moulton is comparatively little known to the general public though he leaves a wonderful record of great work accomplished. He was, as Sir Michael Sadler says, "a missionary of culture, an apostle of adult education. . . . In the service of the universities he did what his forbears had done in the service of the Wesleyan Connexion. With unselfish ardour and with cheerful courage he sowed seed which, both in England and the United States, has grown to harvest." He was one of the pioneers of University Extension, a magnetic lecturer, an inspired and inspiring teacher whose fine personality lives again in Mr. Fiddian Moulton's admirably written story of his long and brilliant career. The biography of such a man could not fail to be deeply interesting; it will have, moreover, a significant and abiding place in the history of the educational developments of the last half-century.



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From "Royal Seville," by E. Allison Peers (Harper Bros.).

MASQUES AND PHASES. By Ivor Brown. 7s. 6d.
(Cobden-Sanderson.)

THE COMMON TOUCH. By James Agate. 7s. 6d.
(Chapman & Hall.)

These two books of essays by dramatic critics are not confined to the theatre. Mr. Agate indeed avoids "shop" altogether; and although these casual flights of his do not always soar very high ("Second-Best Poems" seems to me as negligible as "The Brighton Coach" and "The Trunk" are exquisite), I confess to finding more charm in his nugatory style when it frisks round nothing in particular, than when it has to adjust itself or pretend to adjust itself to a definite play. Mr. Brown writes mainly of the theatre, but not too topically: that is to say, his essays are topical to our generation, rather than to the week in which he happens to write them. Like Mr. Agate, he is sealed of the tribe of C. E. M., who is at once the inspiration and the despair of writers who wish to *write*. But he retains his own personality (personality is the soul of good essay-writing) unswamped by Montague's or anyone else's. He is that rarish thing, an intellectual not hidebound by the current fashions of the *intelligentsia*; read, for example, his cool estimate of Pirandello, as a clever writer making a great splash in the shallow waters of Jevons's "Introduction to Logic." More generally, he has shrewd comments to make on playgoing in Prague or Vienna, on English *v.* American audiences, on the development of the music-hall (his essay, "The Funny Man," is one of his best), on Tchekhov and Stanislavsky and the art of the Moscow players. Above all he has standards, definable, whether or not he cares to define them; so that he is enslaved by neither his own generous enthusiasms, nor by what he calls the "sheep-like devotion of our brave young intellectuals"; which is, I think, the secret of these essays' success, and the reason why what reads like a series of *improptus* should have such authority behind it.

LANFRANC: A STUDY OF HIS LIFE, WORK AND WRITING. By A. J. Macdonald, M.A. 12s. 6d.
(Oxford University Press.)

As a matter of fact, and as everyone knows, Lanfranc was Italian by birth, and showed it in his subtlety of mind. But he found his mission in life by naturalising himself a Norman in the abbey of Bec, and then, after first opposing Duke William, conquering the Conqueror by his address and powers of mind. Banished for his impudence, he made his way to the border on a sorry nag, and then, encountering his irate lord, told him it would be possible to make more obedient speed if he had a better mount. The second dose of impudence worked a homœopathic cure, and we know the rest—how Lanfranc came over here, became Archbishop of Canterbury and reduced the pretensions of York to a secondary place by force of precedence, character and brain. Even the dull process of ecclesiastical reform Mr. Clark makes interesting without sacrificing accuracy or documentary reference, while he rises to the occasion when he deals with Lanfranc's independent spirit in keeping the balance between king and pope. He goes carefully into the accusation of forgery in the matter of the evidential letters which served to carry his point about the primacy of Canterbury, and so far as Lanfranc is concerned he makes out an excellent case for acquittal.

PSALMANAAZAAR'S DESCRIPTION OF FORMOSA.

THE LIFE OF JOHN DANIEL. Both edited by N. M. Penzer, in the "Library of Impostors." (Holden.)

These extremely handsome volumes—handsome both in their external equipment and in the very thorough fashion in which the original texts have been reproduced, annotated and so forth—might make a moralist complain that the writings of many truthful but dull persons are not dragged out of the dust. But Psalmanaazaar (his real name was never revealed) was a man who mightily impressed Samuel Johnson, so that an account of him and his more or less questionable doings cannot be without

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interest. He explicitly confessed in his old age that the whole story of Formosa and his early life there, his travels thence, his escape from the Inquisition and so forth are inventions, for which he proclaims himself to be truly ashamed. He was apparently a native of the South of France, who was obliged to lead a vagabond existence and found that as a convert he would be warmly welcomed in England. His life is of interest, as a minor figure of the epoch and as exhibiting the credulity of that age, which did not greatly differ from our own. As for the "Life of John Daniel," one scarcely knows why such a book deserves to be included in a library of impostors. It is an account of existence on a far away island. John Daniel and a woman (who was originally dressed as a man) meet each other, get married and have a numerous progeny. The tale is written in a pleasing manner. Towards the end of the book, after long years of life upon the island, one of John Daniel's sons invents a flying machine, whereupon he and his father set sail for the moon. But if this episode puts John Daniel into the ranks of the impostors, then what of H. G. Wells, of Jules Verne, in fact of all the writers of fiction, since John Daniel's only wish seems to have been to entertain us? And in this he certainly succeeds. His book is very quaint, and we may congratulate ourselves to have it reprinted in this very comely fashion, with the original illustrations.

THE FURTHER VENTURE BOOK. By Elinor Mordaunt. 15s. net. (Bodley Head.)

The only fault that we can find with this fascinating book is that the writer does not give a full-length description of every island on which she lands. It is true that in the case of Bali we are not unduly hurried on; but from too many of the other islands we are wafted away just when we are longing to be regaled with more details. Mrs. Mordaunt has the shrewdest possible eye for a humorous situation, for the grimness which lurks round the corner and for the enchanting loveliness of these

remote places. British, Dutch and Portuguese possessions lay there to receive this conquistador of the pen. Like old Bernal Diaz she takes us charmingly into her confidence and her accounts of herself, in health and in sickness, are disarmingly delightful. Roughly speaking, this is a tour through the Dutch East Indies, and although Mrs. Mordaunt revelled in occasional luxury, yet she had to put up with a great deal of discomfort; yes, even in the paradise island of Bali, where amid the millions of roses she recovered from a severe illness. Outside her own demesne she was the prey of savage dogs and boys—but when she has passed through the offending village she reaches the mountain-side "where the two valleys converge, the sky above is blue, the colour of a hedge-sparrow's egg, the valleys rolling with great soft, rounded clouds, of pale translucent lavender, like magic haycocks." We are given thumb-nail portraits of such vividness that this remote part of the world will henceforward be one of our spiritual homes—there are eccentric captains of little steamers; there are sub-controllers and savages; there are happy, isolated missionaries and extremely happy murderers. "I wish I had not come. I think I wish I was dead, but at the back of my mind I know that I should be sorry if I was; above all, if it was my dreadful fate to die here in Nari, for talk of desolation . . . it is a queer world, and I am not in the least disturbed by the thought that most of the men have been transported for murder, that the so-called jailer has taken himself off on a holiday, and that there are no other white people anywhere within reach upon any of the neighbouring islands." The natives seem everywhere to have "fallen" to Mrs. Mordaunt, which argues very well for their intelligence. From time to time the white people and, more rarely, the brown ones, were obnoxious—and Mrs. Mordaunt tells us all about it in a way—well, the reviewer had intended to make a present of this book to a friend, but finds himself quite unable to part with it.

Music.

CONFUSED FEEDING.

By RODNEY BENNETT.

Asked for an example of confused feeding, I should without hesitation cite the parcels of music which the astonished reviewer is accustomed to receive. Parcels of books contain some strange contrasts; but compared with those of music they are the essence of orderliness and selection. The present one is an example. It contains a variety of instrumental music ranging from piano pieces for the immature to compositions for oboe, flute and piano for the extremely mature. The easiest method in such cases is to write a series of unconnected paragraphs, and to give them an air of false connection by introducing head-lines in capitals. But since THE BOOKMAN does not favour that useful device, I must perforce abandon hope of even an appearance of continuity and simply take them as they come.

I wish that those children's pieces had been omitted. Reviewing work of this sort is so painfully responsible. One can recommend adult music with a comfortable feeling that if taste has momentarily erred—as at one time or another whose will not?—no great harm has been done. No immature and impressionable mind has been advised to take unto itself something which may prove a lingering vitiation. One regards children's music with jealous suspicion. Such a huge amount of it is published. It will have so much to do with the musical taste of the next generation of men and women. The writers' responsibility is great, and the reviewer's in his small sphere equally so. Fortunately, as I have willingly pointed out in these pages more than once before, the writers are taking this responsibility with an increase of seriousness. Sometimes this leads them into dullness, but it does at least prevent them from that easy descent to such maudlin prettiness as, until recent years, made most children's music as foolish

as a simpering doll. I have just looked over some hundred school songs—they came in another parcel!—and in spite of the coma which such quantity must inevitably produce, noted with devout thankfulness that in no case were the words nor the music impudently "written down" as in the bad old days of milk and barley sugar it so usually was.

Mr. Carse, following his wont, is neither trivial nor dull. His "Through the Centuries" (2s. 6d.; Augener) is at once as instructive and entertaining as most of the work which flows so freely from his practised hand; an album containing sixteen simple arrangements of dance movements by composers of three centuries. Mr. Carse has done his work well. His selection, with the exception of Beethoven's Minuet in G, which might have retired in favour of something less accessible, keeps well away from beaten tracks, including pieces by Monteverde, Fux and Keiser which few will know, together with others by such more famous composers as Lully, Purcell, Bach, Handel and Schubert, the most modern of the company. The arrangements are quite easy and the introductory notes models of brevity and concise information. This is the right way to teach musical history.

With "In the Country," two volumes of easy piano duets by Mari Paldi (2s. 6d. each; Augener), I am less happy. The titles are pleasing and the tunes on the whole well enough. So much for *primo*. *Secondo*, that pitfall of the duet composer, is unfortunately another matter—a collection of the sort of tonic and dominant umpump which is precisely what children should not be taught. A respectable tune with a shoddy hack-bass is not quite good enough.

"Hampton Court," Suite II (2s. 6d.; Augener), is better. It contains three pieces: a barcarolle, "Twilight by the

Long Water"; a gavotte, "Sir Peter Lely's Favourite Dance," and "Nell Gwynn's Merrymaking," a six-eight rolic. While of no great importance either musically or instructionally, these will probably be as popular as Mr. C. à Becket Williams's numerous other excursions in *modo antico*, and rightly so, for they are simple, graceful and have a certain atmosphere.

Dr. T. Haigh's "Two Impressions" (2s.; Paxton) may be recommended for the same reasons, though to rather older people and in a graver mood. At once musicianly and well written, "The Rocking Cradle" and "Candlemas Day" are very pleasing in a meditative and quiet way.

Definitely growing up with "Barcarolle" (2s.; Augener), a romantic and moderately difficult study by that admirable pianist, Mr. Archy Rosenthal, we become slightly blasé with a "Danse Moderne" for violin and piano, in which Mr. Joseph Holbrooke shows that it is possible for a musician of his calibre to write a fox-trot without greatly improving on what is usually provided in that guise. A moderate squib, it will doubtless crack saucily enough if played with sufficient brilliance and not too much attention to the title.

Mr. Ernest Austin's "Lyric Sonata" for violin and piano follows more usual paths without any self-conscious attempt to be modern (3s.; Augener). Fluent and graceful, it will please players who are looking for a sonata of no more than moderate difficulty.

"Pastorale and Harlequinade" (7s. 6d.; Curwen) will necessarily appeal to a smaller number of players, since they are written for the comparatively rare combination of flute, oboe and piano. Nor, to those whose abilities lie in that direction, will any further recommendation be necessary than the statement that they are the work of Eugene Goossens and are dedicated to Leon Goossens. Those few who are not afraid of the modernism, the wealth of accidentals and the necessity for comprehensive technique implied by that combination of names, will of course add them to their not over-furnished repertoire.

CANADIAN FOLK-SONGS OLD AND NEW. Selected and translated by John Murray Gibbon, and written out in piano and vocal score by Geoffrey O'Hara and Oscar O'Brien. 6s. (Dent.)

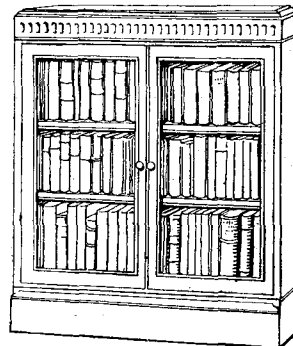
As Mr. J. Murray Gibbon points out in the Preface to his collection of French-Canadian folk-songs from the romantic region of North America, a good many of the tunes and words are of European, chiefly French, origin. Some, however, like "Youpe! Youpe! sur la rivière!" "Les Raftsmen" and "O petit rocher," are the legendary offspring of that still juvenile nationality and thus possess a special interest. The songs are suitable alike for private and public performance. The advice given at the end of the book on interpretation by Charles Marchand is exceedingly sound.

MUSIC IN CHURCH WORSHIP. By G. Wauchope Stewart, D.D. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dr. Wauchope Stewart's book comprises six lectures delivered in his capacity as lecturer to the Baird Trustees, and with the advantage of the exceptional facilities, as Convenor of the Committee on Psalmody and Hymns of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, which he possesses. The volume is thorough in the best sense; it goes right to the bed-rock foundation of each subject dealt with, and the style of the author is clear and free from pedantry; right through the book one meets with an originality of outlook and a freshness in expression that is exhilarating. Contentious questions, such as choir versus congregational predominance in the service; Gregorian and Anglican Chants; the popular type of hymn tune, and many others, are dealt with in impartial and illuminating fashion. Finally the very sane view is emphasised that whilst the musical part of the service should be worthy of its high purpose—an offering to the Almighty—it is the spirit in which it is performed that ultimately signifies. There indeed art and religion join hands. W. L.

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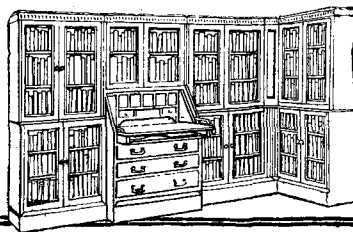
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The Drama.

ROBIN HOOD.

The published version of this play * was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN, but it often happens that a play—especially a poetical drama—which charms the reader loses much of its magic when it is transferred from the study to the stage and seen in action. I had half feared it might be so with Mr. Alfred Noyes's "Robin Hood," for he has given his story of the Sherwood outlaw and his motley followers a mystical setting, has rarefied it with spiritual suggestion, till the forest becomes a place of mystery, a haunt of fairies, with a dim glade that opens out of the seen into the unseen. All this is subtly brought home to the imagination of the reader, and it is a great testimony to the skill and sensitive acting of the Lena Ashwell Players that in their rendering of this romantic drama at the Century Theatre, among all its robust, realistic elements, they preserved the charm of its fantasy and the eerie atmosphere which surrounds that elusive suggestion of inner significances.

For the main thread of his story Mr. Noyes has gone to the old ballads and legends, and accepts Robin Hood as the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon. In a very poignant opening scene he shows how the tyranny of the forest laws, either terrorised and oppressed the half-starved peasantry or goaded them into covert revolt, and moved such a man as Huntingdon to sympathy and defiant intervention in their defence. His daring exploits with his lawless foresters; his chequered love for Maid Marian; the sinister, ruthless jealousy of Princess Elinor, who had infatuated the youthful Huntingdon and still loved him; the cynical machinations of Prince John, intent on his pursuit of Marian—these are the elements that go to the making of a romance which is touched with a loveliness of mystical meaning of which Shadow-of-a-Leaf, the half human, half elvish, most faithful follower of Robin, is the chief interpreter. One of the most moving and powerful scenes is that at Kirklee Priory, where Robin and Marian die by the hand of Princess Elinor, and one of the most finely poetical is the last, in which they pass through death, and the forest conquers and takes them to live for ever among its shadows.

The verse in which the play is written has charm and beauty, or vigour and an easy colloquialism, as occasion requires, and it was most admirably rendered by the actors.

For the acting I have nothing but praise. Miss Esme Church realised the difficult, almost intangible character of Shadow-of-a-Leaf with an exquisite cunning; Mr. Patrick Gover was the callous, cynical degenerate Prince John to the life; and from the Robin and Maid Marian of Mr. Godfrey Kenton and Miss Queenie Russell, to the forest sprites of Miss Idina Scott-Gatty, Miss Rosemary Clifford and Miss Joan Duan, the actors played very deftly into each other's hands and were never less than adequate. The one thing needed was a larger stage; the Century stage is too small for the effective manoeuvring of the crowd at the rescue of Will Scarlet, and for the masked ball in the scene after Robin's escape from the dark tower. "Robin Hood" is at present on tour. With a larger stage I predict a popular as well as an artistic success for it when it is produced in London, as rumour says it is to be, next winter.

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

EGYPT AND DEVON.†

Some thirty-three hundred years separate the periods of "Akhnaton" and "Yellow Sands." Yet two characters are common to each play—the Pharaoh of the one and the Socialist of the other. During the war they would have been described—and derided—as Pacifists; in these

* "Robin Hood." By Alfred Noyes. 5s. (Blackwood.)

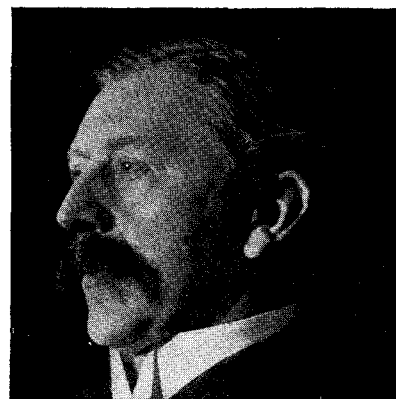
† "Akhnaton." A Play by Adelaide Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)—"Yellow Sands." A Comedy by Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts. 3s. (Duckworth.)

less disruptive days they may be accepted as idealists. That they are akin, despite the fact that one is of ancient Egypt and the other of modern Devon, is clear from Akhnaton's "My foes must be overcome by love, not power," and Joe Varwell's "We don't want to hurt no honest man; we want to heal." It is an added interest of these two characters that they appear to furnish a clue to Miss Phillpotts's share in the comedy in which she has collaborated with her father. In view of the evidence of her arresting little play of "Camillus and the Schoolmaster," and the affinity of Veru with Akhnaton, the conclusion seems inevitable that she is largely responsible for the socialist Joe Varwell. In any case, he is a valuable asset to the comedy which is giving so much enjoyment to London playgoers, the approval of whom makes it unnecessary to praise "Yellow Sands." Wholly different in its blank verse form and in its faithful adherence to the exposition of a serious theme, is the play which Miss Phillpotts bases on the character of the idealistic and heretical Pharaoh of ancient Egypt. This has not been written to gratify historical or archaeological curiosity, but to display the character and difficulties of a ruler who dared to place himself in opposition to the powerful priestly and military castes of his period. Akhnaton is seen in conflict with all types, from the father whom he succeeded to the scullions of his kitchen, and in every varied circumstance his character is depicted with unflinching consistency and ever-growing charm. But it is not merely on her interpretation of Akhnaton that Miss Phillpotts is to be warmly congratulated; her sketches of the general Horemheb, of the aggressive sculptor Bek, and of the subtle and wavering High Priest are also drawn with a firm hand. And many of her episodes have a high dramatic quality, which culminates in a scene of great tenseness in the tomb of Akhnaton fifteen years after his death. What theatrical producer will enrich the intellectual and moral life of the nation by an adequate performance of this remarkable play?

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

A PLAYGOER'S WANDERINGS. By H. M. Walbrook. 10s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

Here is a book that will give delight to every good playgoer—the record of one who has been a good playgoer himself for very many years, has seen all the famous



Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. H. M. Walbrook.

plays and players of his day, and has interesting things to tell of them. Mr. Walbrook was dramatic critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for nine years, but he has gone much to the theatre unprofessionally and as an enthusiastic one of the crowd; he has known the joy that Charles Lamb knew of lining up with the queue outside the pit door, and has entertaining

reminiscences of that experience. He has found comedy in the audiences as well as on the stage, and his pages are rich in anecdotes of unknown patrons of the drama and of such famous dramatists and actors as Barrie, Shaw, Archer, Pinero, Irving, Toole, and the result is a book that is at once a lively and amusing chronicle of personal recollections and opinions and a valuable addition to latter-day theatrical history.

THREE COSTUME PLAYS.

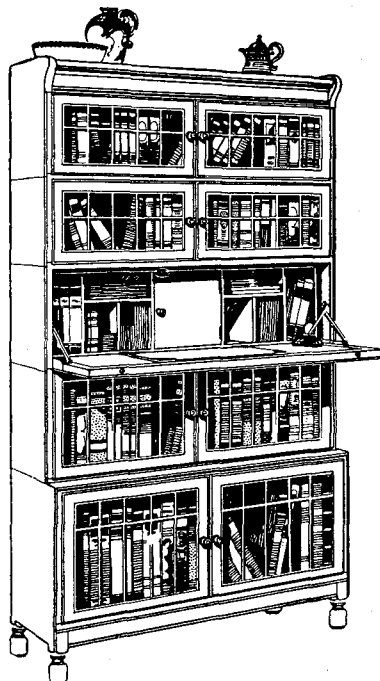
By GRAHAM SUTTON.

Watching Molière's farce-comedy transformed into *The Would-Be Gentleman* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, I fell to thinking what advantage is enjoyed by a dramatist over his fellow-writers in the matter of appeal abroad. Few English versions of French poetry are more than tolerable, and most of them less; indeed not even the original French is in much better case, so far as we are concerned; for to the bulk of us, French verse is apt to seem little else than prose cut up by the yard; and however earnestly we wish to sensitise ourselves to its beauty, we remain congenitally obtuse. French prose is more within our grasp, in the original anyhow: though translators still fail at it. But the drama's vast advantage lies in the fact that two-thirds of it, I mean its visual appeal, is the same for both nations. This is so even in such plays as *Les Femmes Savantes*, where we adjust ourselves with ease to a bygone epoch; much more in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, which is ageless. Molière ranged from sheer buffoonery to mordant satire, and even to all-but tragedy as in *Tartuffe*. Monsieur Jourdain is his buffoonery—that outbreak of crude and animal spirits which (as Mr. Shaw was pointing out the other day in his preface to "Translations and Tomfooleries") most great writers now and then permit themselves. Monsieur Jourdain is shown us, Molière-wise, as a type; the treatment is narrow and selective, that we may have but one predominant "humour" of the fellow brought home to us; all night he struts before our eyes, but in the end we know no more of him than his folly. Of such is the kingdom of farce.

So far, Mr. Playfair is justified in staging the play as farce for all he is worth. We may detect him busy at this task in various stealthy ways—in his own impersonation, which has more than a smack of the panto-dame: still more in his production of Madame Jourdain. He has stressed farce by causing Madame to utter quite openly those strictures of Dorante, which Molière wrote as asides. She is burlesqued in action, too; to Molière she was the instrument of such satire as his play should contain, but here she belongs to farce simply. Elsewhere much material of farce has been frankly added—perhaps too much: I don't mean such quips as Mr. Playfair's "May the wisdom of serpents water your rose-garden" (or whatever it was), which Molière himself might have owned; but the "vowels" joke, and Jourdain's proposal of marriage à la Turque to the Marquise, and some talk of sewing superfluous ladies into sacks and putting them in the Seine; and quite unforgivably, the business of Jourdain's fasting at his own board, which is neither Molière nor in the least consistent with the theme of the play. Nor is the last scene bettered by a Lyrical alteration: in Molière, we take leave of Monsieur Jourdain at the blissful height of his ignorance; at the Lyric is added a clumsy and melodramatic "discovery," where even Mr. Playfair obviously felt out of his depth, and one longed for a swift curtain to hide his discomfiture. . . . But he disarms my criticism by admitting that the play is "rebuilt," and it is churlish maybe to pick holes in so festal an entertainment. At least the ghost of Molière, rubbing startled eyes in some recess of the pit (I mean the Lyric's pit, of course), is laid by more laughter than has been heard there for many a day.

Sometimes your costume-play improves when it has run for awhile, and the cast have worked themselves into its clothes and language—a state of grace which Mr. Fagan's *And So To Bed* has certainly reached at the Savoy. Not that such interval is always necessary; some actors are born with that knack of stepping into a period, which not years of practice bring to others; and my experience of Edmund Gwenn and Alfred Clark (to name two from this play) assures me that they were as "1669" on the first night as thereafter. Mr. Gwenn himself, indisposed on

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the night of my visit, was understudied competently by Reginald Smith; Yvonne Arnaud and Allan Jeayes are capital as Mrs. Pepys and the King. The production shows flaws here and there; no self-respecting footpad ever clouted a victim over the head so gently as this one (head-blows are seldom satisfactory in a stage-brawl: far better a shrewd one in the "wind," which is more easy to counter-feit); the King's jests are too crudely pointed by the slaps which he gives to the chest wherein Pepys is hidden; and the discovery of the King himself, when Mrs. Pepys draws the curtains, is masked from half the audience by the position of the characters in the scene. These faults are amateurish and should be corrected, even now that the play seems to have settled down for a run.

Macbeth at the Prince's is a curious mixture. Sybil Thorndike is magnificent—in the way one confidently expected. One of the penalties of a strong personality is that the artist possessing it must forgo the weapon of surprise; and so Miss Thorndike's fineness is the fineness we know already—splendid diction, with thrilling intensity in the lower register of the voice: a most royal carriage: a style in the manipulation of rich dress unequalled on our stage—highly artificial of course, bravura-work, yet always stopping short of the "precious." And even so, she brings to Lady Macbeth something else, less general: some touches which one did not foresee, but which satisfy: a hint of pathos here and there: a caress (sudden, savage, tender) flung to the anguished Macbeth: a rare glimpse of reaction from that terrible strain which must lead to madness. And again (to take a further step from the general towards the particular), there are some scores of little touches, all contributory to her building-up of the part, of which I will cite but one; it occurs when she first hears of the witches from Macbeth's letter. "They made themselves—" she reads: and then a pause of incredulity, a more careful scrutiny of the handwriting: at last a whispered "—*air?*" Such things of course are but a tiny part of the whole: as it were, the small change of great acting. But unforgettable.

Henry Ainley is also (I suppose) magnificent, but he is not Macbeth. Two forces, as it always seems to me, strive in this actor for the mastery: a gloriously poetic voice, and an incurably prosaic mind. He was born to be (and is) the ideal Bassanio, the ideal Prince Hal: the ideal of any one of those Shakespearean young men (and there are plenty of them) who, though entirely commonplace, find themselves invested by some freak of fortune with the trappings of romance. Falstaff hits off the type shrewdly—"A good shallow young fellow: 'a would have made a good pantler, 'a would have chipped bread well." So Mr. Ainley, here, romps through the play with a most admirably workmanlike eye for all the "actor's points" in it, while seeming completely blind to its poetry, its imagination, its mystery. "Your children shall be kings" he remarks to Banquo casually, not in the least put out by his encounter with the witches: as who should say, "My son is going into a stockbroker's office." Or again, "I have supped full with horrors," as though he meant oysters. In all the tricks of the trade, Mr. Ainley is probably as competent as any actor we have. But Macbeth is not his part. Tragedy remains outside him.

Lewis Casson's staging is always interesting; though here one observes once more how he excels in scenes of horror and grotesquerie, rather than of beauty. For the rest, it is perhaps unfortunate that the production seems to take its note from Mr. Ainley's rather than from Miss Thorndike's style. Shakespeare's mood was sombre in this play—a tale in undertones and pitch darkness: two qualities which cannot actually be staged, yet should be suggested. But here is bright, slick colour in the setting, more Italian than barbarous: and to match it, a sort of bright volubility in nearly everyone's speech. To Miss Thorndike this does not apply, as I have suggested above; and the rugged Macduff of Basil Gill was also finely Shakespearean.

GRAHAM SUTTON.



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